YANK

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By the men . . . for the men in the service

GIs Take Over Rome, Their First Captured Capital

PICTURES AND STORIES, PAGES 6-10

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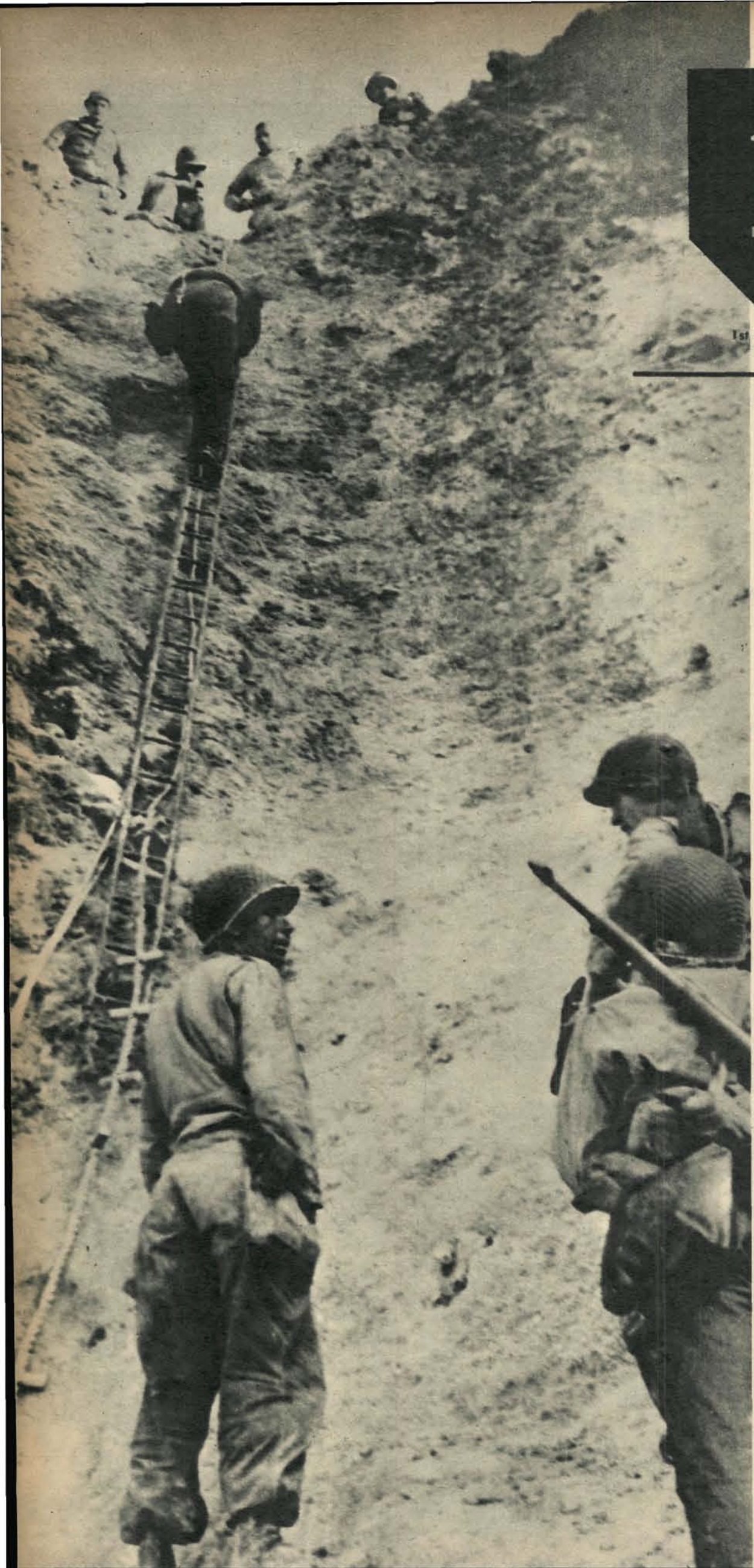

Rangers climbed up this rope ladder to surprise and silence a Jerry gun crew at the cliff's top.

1st Division

2d Division

A Who's Who that tells where each American infantry and airborne outfit fought against the Germans on the Cherbourg Peninsula and gives the highlights of their past combat records.

ONLY a few months ago GIs in the 4th Division were sure they were going to sweat out the rest of the war as garrison soldiers in the States.

Back in 1918, the 4th or "Ivy" Division landed in France with only six months' training and went into action immediately in the Aisne-Marne offensive. But this time it looked as though things were going to be different. Men in the 4th pointed out bitterly that their division had more shack men than any division in the Army. A shack man, in case you don't know, is a GI so firmly established at a post in the States that he keeps a house or apartment in the nearest town and commutes to camp every morning before reveille.

However, a few months can bring a lot of changes. Wearing the same shoes that had been soaked so often by the water of Boggy Gut in night problems outside Camp Gordon, Ga., the shack men of the 4th were among the first American soldiers to land on the Cherbourg Peninsula in France during the invasion of western Europe.

Fighting beside the 4th under the command of Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley, U. S. ground force chief in Gen. Sir Bernard L. Montgomery's Twenty-first Army Group, were three other American divisions new to combat—the 2d, a Regular Army outfit which, like the 4th, was about 80 percent selectees; the 29th, a division whose original cadre was national guardsmen from Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland and the District of Columbia, and the 101st Airborne, which had done most of its training in the old 9th Division area at Fort Bragg, N. C.

And two divisions which had been through the mill in the Mediterranean—the "Fightin' First" and the 82d Airborne. The 1st Division is the outfit that captured Oran in the North African invasion. Later it fought at Gafsa, El Guettar and Mateur in Tunisia, and at Gela and Troina in Sicily. The 82d Airborne saw plenty of action in the landings at Sicily and Salerno.

On D Day, the 1st and 29th Divisions, with the 2d in close support, fought one of the bloodiest and most heroic battles in U.S. military history. They landed in a sector of the Cherbourg Peninsula that was elaborately prepared for defense by the Germans. And a full German division, the 382d, in addition to the regular coastal defense troops, was lying in wait for them on bluffs overlooking the beaches.

A 40-minute bombardment by Allied aircraft and naval vessels knocked out some of the shore guns but failed to dislodge the Germans from the bluffs. They poured a thick screen of rifle, machine-gun and mortar fire into the men of the 1st and the 29th as they landed. Inland artillery shelled the invaders with deadly accuracy.

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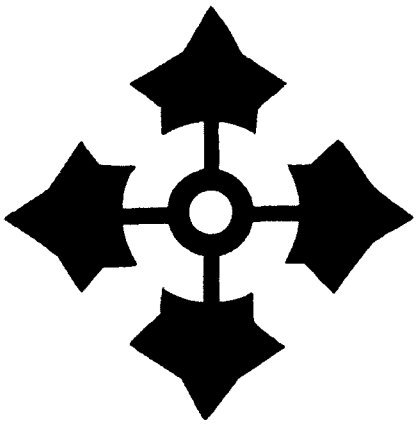
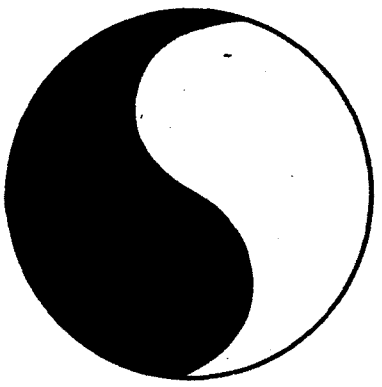


4th Division



29th Division

82d Airborne Division

101st Airborne Division

U. S. Divisions in France

The only protection on the beach was a gravel ridge along the high-water mark. Those Americans who were able to get through the surf and across the exposed strip of sand to this ridge, without getting hit, dug in desperately and lay shoulder to shoulder, returning fire from the bluffs above. Some of them were pinned on the ridge for four hours before they could advance.

The beach was so hot that landing craft with reinforcements had to stay clear of it. Finally, after another naval bombardment, the 1st and the 29th advanced and captured the bluffs.

Then the 1st pushed inland, capturing the town of Isigny and bridging the Vire River. Meanwhile, on their left flank, farther toward the center of the Allied beachhead, the 2d Division was getting its first taste of combat after three years of training at Fort Sam Houston, Tex., Camp McCoy, Wis., and Northern Ireland—and it was doing all right.

As soon as it landed, the 2d Division pushed straight inland to Trevier, toughest enemy strongpoint in that sector. The men reached the outskirts of the town on the third day of their advance and found it loaded with opposition. After several hours of bitter fighting, the 2d drew back and split up into three units. One unit worked its way around the left side of the town while the second bypassed the German positions on the right. After the artillery came up and raked the town, the third unit moved right through the middle, down the main street.

After the terrific beach-bluff stand of the Nazi 382d Division against the 1st and the 29th assault forces, most of the German resistance in the American sector was fluid guerrilla warfare, until the Germans counterattacked toward Montebourg and Carentan during the second week of the battle of Normandy. The 4th and the 101st Airborne met the brunt of these drives against the two captured key towns of the Cherbourg Peninsula, the first really organized German rally since the Yanks had moved inland.

The 4th met up with the paratroopers and glider troops of the 82d Airborne after it came ashore in the sloppy marshes about 14 miles southeast of Cherbourg. It took the job of protecting the American extreme right flank near Montebourg while the 82d moved into position below the 4th, near Ste. Mere-Eglise. The 101st was on the left of the 82d in the Carentan sector.

When the Germans attacked Montebourg and Carentan, the 4th and the 101st Airborne troops met them in tight hand-to-hand combat. In Montebourg, the 4th mixed it up with the German tanks and infantry in the streets so closely that artillery on both sides had to cease firing.

With the exception of the 101st Airborne, which is strictly a product of modern war, activated only two years ago in Camp Claiborne,

Before they took off for France, the American soldiers learned to say in French: "Which way are the Boches?" Here a French civilian tells a paratroop captain

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Drama at the "battle of the beaches": A medic and another British soldier help wounded Tommy up the shore while others crouch for cover or lie where they have fallen in the surf.

German sniper has grandstand seat in a jeep procession in France. Vehicle mounts two machine guns, one .50-caliber, one .30 light

La., all of these American divisions have fought in France before.

The 2d Division, as a matter of fact, was organized there in October 1917. In those days, strange as it seems, Marines fought under the command of the Army and the 2d included the 5th and 6th Marine Regiments. It made a brilliant record at Chateau-Thierry, Belleau Wood and in the Marne, St. Mihiel, Champagne and Meuse-Argonne offensives. It captured 12,026 prisoners and 343 artillery pieces during the 66 days it was under fire. After the war, the 2d served in the Army of Occupation in Germany. The boys are hoping they won't have to do the same thing for any great length of time.

The 82d Airborne Division is Sgt. Alvin C. York's old "All-American" Division that saw action in the last war at Toul, Marbache, St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne sectors. Disbanded after the armistice, it was reactivated March 25, 1942, at Camp Claiborne, La., as an infantry division under Lt. Gen. Bradley, who was then a major general.

Morale and efficiency was so high in the 82d that it was converted into one of the Army's first two airborne divisions in August 1942. The 101st was the other. These two outfits trained together later at Fort Bragg, each composed of two-thirds paratroopers and one-third glider infantry and artillery. The 82d went overseas first, arriving in French Morrocco in May 1943.

From there it went to the invasion of Sicily, landing near Gela and later fighting as an infantry division at Trapani. Then its paratroopers jumped again at Salerno when German counter-attacks were threatening to drive the Fifth Army back to the sea. Some landed behind the German and others came down on the beaches in the height of the battle, helping to turn the tide against the enemy. Units of the 82d Airborne were among the first Allied troops in Naples.

After the Italian campaign, the 82d moved secretly to England and found the 101st waiting for it there. The two divisions trained for the invasion together as they had in Louisiana and North Carolina.

Among these paratroopers who jumped into the swampy section of the Cherbourg Peninsula was a special group of 13 GIs with war paint on their faces and their hair shaved except for a scalp lock. They were 12 Indians and one GI from Brooklyn, N. Y., who had been admitted to the small tribe after cutting his finger and mixing his blood with that of one of the Indians. They smelled strongly. They had taken an oath not to have a bath from Christmas until D Day. In addition to the regulation paratrooper equipment, they carried special knives, machetes, steel knuckles and nylon garrotes.

MAN GETS LADY

LONDON—The problem of what to do with the Allies first woman war prisoner, the sniper known as Myra, who was captured in civilian clothes in northern France, has been solved. A Home Office spokesman has announced that she probably will be sent to the internment camp for enemy aliens on the Isle of Man.

LIKE the 2d and the 82d Airborne, the 29th or "Blue and Gray" Division served in the Meuse-Argonne campaign in the first World War. Reactivated in February 1941 as a square national guard division, it was streamlined into a triangular division a year later. The 29th has been in Britain a long time. It arrived there in October 1942, after training at Fort George G. Meade, Md., Camp Blanding, Fla., and Camp Kilmer, N. J.

The 4th Division was one of the Army's first motorized infantry divisions. It was reactivated with half-tracks in June 1940, in the Harmony Church area at Fort Benning, Ga., and moved on to Camp Gordon when that infantry training center was opened in January 1942. Then next summer it lost the half-tracks. That was when the GIs in the 4th began to doubt that they would ever get out of the States. When they came north to Fort Dix, N. J., in the spring of 1943, rumors began to circulate about overseas duty after all, but they found themselves raking lawns and painting garbage cans instead of marching onto transports.

Then came amphibious training at Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla., and a stretch at Fort Jackson, S. C. Every time the division moved, it went nowhere near a POE.

"We're overtrained," the men of the 4th said. "What are we waiting for?"

But in the streets of Montebourg, the 4th found what it was waiting for.

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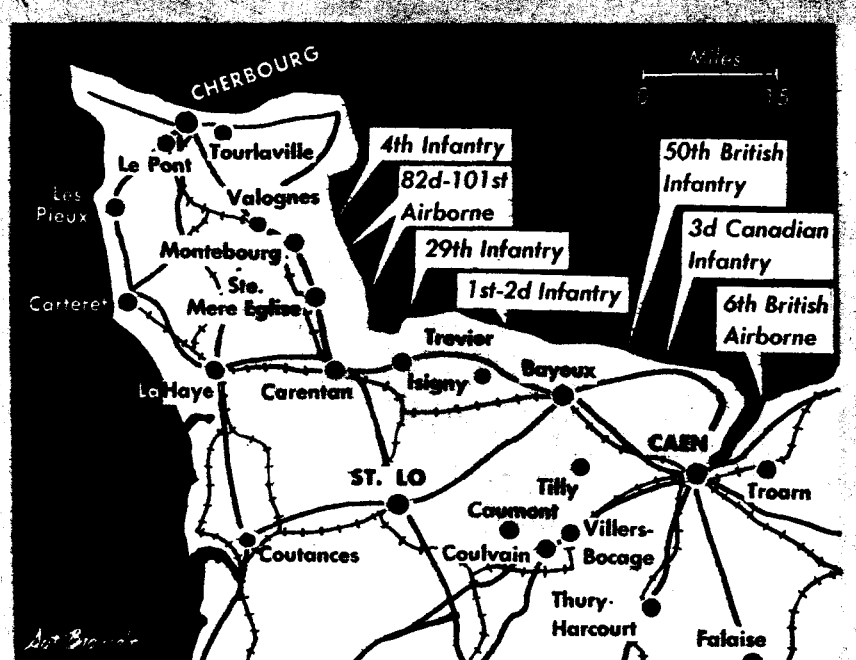

Map shows where units of Montgomery's Twenty-first Army Group, composed of at least six U. S., one Canadian and two British divisions, are fighting.

An American infantryman runs toward a church at Ste. Mere Eglise to root out a sniper who has been making the going tough. Another Yank covers him.

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Plan To Combine Armed Forces

Army likes idea of putting both services under one head but Navy disapproves.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Anacostia Naval Air Station and the Army's Bolling Field here in Washington are right next to each other and are connected by a taxi strip.

Each has a control tower and an operations building, and each has an operations officer, weather and communications officers, the EMs who are their assistants and ready crews on duty 24 hours a day.

Each field also has the same kind of fire-fighting equipment, ambulances and hospitals and the personnel to run them.

Robert A. Lovett, Assistant Secretary of War for Air, has called the duplications at Bolling and Anacostia just one example of Army and Navy overlapping. The obvious solution, he says, would be to combine the War and Navy Departments into a single Department of Armed Forces.

Lovett was one of eight WD leaders who made this recommendation in testimony before the newly organized House Select Committee on Post-War Military Policy.

Meanwhile, in the Senate, the proposal for a single department was incorporated in a bill and introduced by Senator Lister Hill [Democrat, Alabama].

The bill, which follows the general outline of the WD chart below, calls for a Secretary of the Armed Forces, who would be a civilian appointed by the President with the Senate's approval; for three other civilians who would be Under Secretaries for the Army, the Navy and the Air, respectively, and for two civilian assistants for each.

For "strategic planning, supply planning and operational direction of all the armed forces," the President would choose from officers of general or flag rank a Chief of Staff to the Commander in Chief, a Chief of Staff of the Army, another of the Navy and a third of the Air Forces. Together they would constitute the U. S. Chiefs of Staff.

Finally, either a Navy admiral or an Army general would be chosen as a Director of Supply to handle the purchase and distribution of supplies for all the armed forces.

Details of the reorganization are not specified in the bill, which is confined to three brief pages; they are left to the experts in both departments. Even if the legislation were to be passed at this session of Congress, the bill provides that the merger should not take effect until six months after the end of the war.

This time lag is in accord with most of the WD suggestions, including that of Secretary of War Stimson, who told the committee that the combination couldn't be undertaken during the war, or at least until the fighting in Europe had ended.

However, there was no WD opposition to eventual merger. Brig. Gen. William F. Tompkins, director of the Special Planning Division, told the House committee: "I can say that of all the officers of the War Department with whom I have discussed the matter, I have yet to find one who did not believe that a single department of the armed forces was the best solution to the problem."

On the other hand, Navy opposition to a merger has been equally unanimous. Secretary James V. Forrestal told the House Committee that such a combination might result in "hamstringing" both the Army and Navy "by the very inertia of size." He said that no such plan should even be considered until admirals like Halsey, Nimitz and King could present their points of view—obviously impossible until the war is over.

A separate Air Force "to the extent that the Army and Navy are separate and distinct"—an idea supported by all the Army witnesses—"is entirely foreign to the Naval concept of its mission and functions," Secretary Forrestal added.

Of the support given by WD leaders, the most detailed came from Lt. Gen. Brehon B. Somervell, commanding general, Army Service Forces. He noted that in March 1942 the WD was reorganized into three major commands—the Air Forces, the Ground Forces and the Service Forces. "The experience over the last two years with this type of organization," he said, "has been sufficiently complete to demonstrate the soundness of its fundamental concept."

As examples of "overlappings and conflict in the present organization," Lt. Gen. Somervell cited duplications in accounting, auditing, procurement, materiel, housing, hospitalization, communications and transport.

He pointed out that the Army and Navy have separate hospitals within a few miles of each other in Washington, San Diego, Memphis and Charleston as well as overseas in Hawaii, New Caledonia and New Zealand. He contended that construction requirements of the Army and Navy could be combined and directed by one agency and make an over-all saving of between 25 and 35 percent. And whereas the Army now has its MPs and the Navy its shore patrol, he said that "if one agency had the responsibility, there would be greater coordination in training and assignment of personnel to town and train patrols."

In general, Somervell concluded, "a suitable combination will result in economy of manpower, saving of money and increased speed of operations."

THERE'S no doubt that Congress will spend a lot of time talking over consolidation after it reconvenes next fall, and probably a good many questions, now unanswered, will be debated on the floors of both houses. Some of them may be:

What, under a merger, will happen to the Marine Corps? Will it be incorporated into the Army? Or will it continue as a separate unit under the direction of the Under Secretary for the Navy?

Will the Chief of Staff to the Commander in Chief be an Army general or a Navy admiral? (Adm. William D. Leahy is now personal Chief of Staff to President Roosevelt, but under the terms of the Hill bill the C of S would certainly have greater functions.)

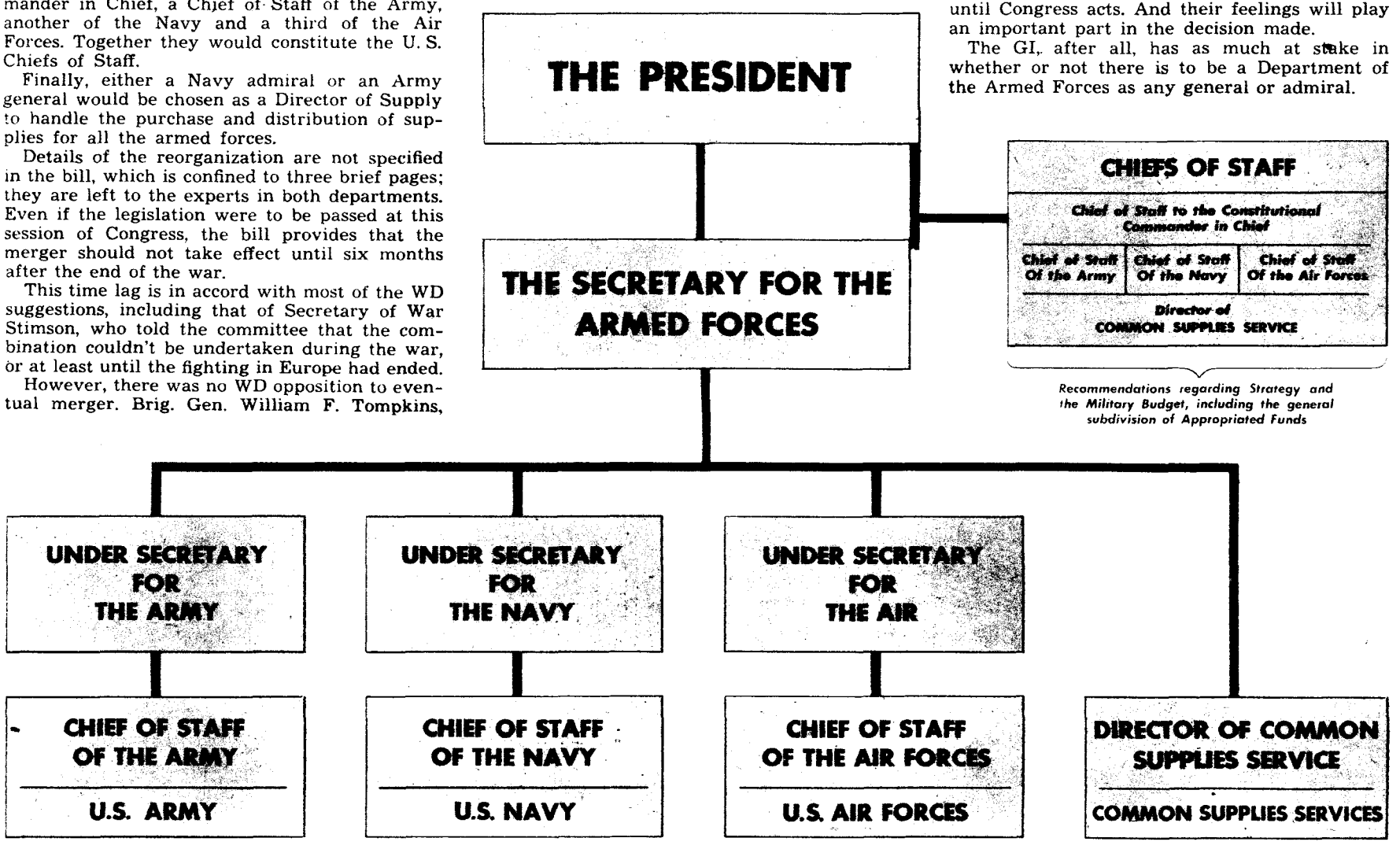
If there is to be one uniform for everybody in the armed forces, should it be GI Army or Navy, a combination of both or something entirely new?

How will the consolidation affect the increasing number of land-based Navy planes? Will all land-based aircraft be the responsibility of the Under Secretary for Air? Will the operation of carrier-based planes be directed by the Under Secretary for the Navy?

And what, finally, will the average GI in all branches of service think about a merger?

These questions and a good many others will be booted around both by soldiers and sailors until Congress acts. And their feelings will play an important part in the decision made.

The GI, after all, has as much at stake in whether or not there is to be a Department of the Armed Forces as any general or admiral.



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An armored half-track personnel carrier rumbles past a line of German infantrymen. In the foreground German officers are taking it on the lam in a Fiat staff car, until lately an Italian civilian's private auto.

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Before any Allied
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YANK's Sgt. George A
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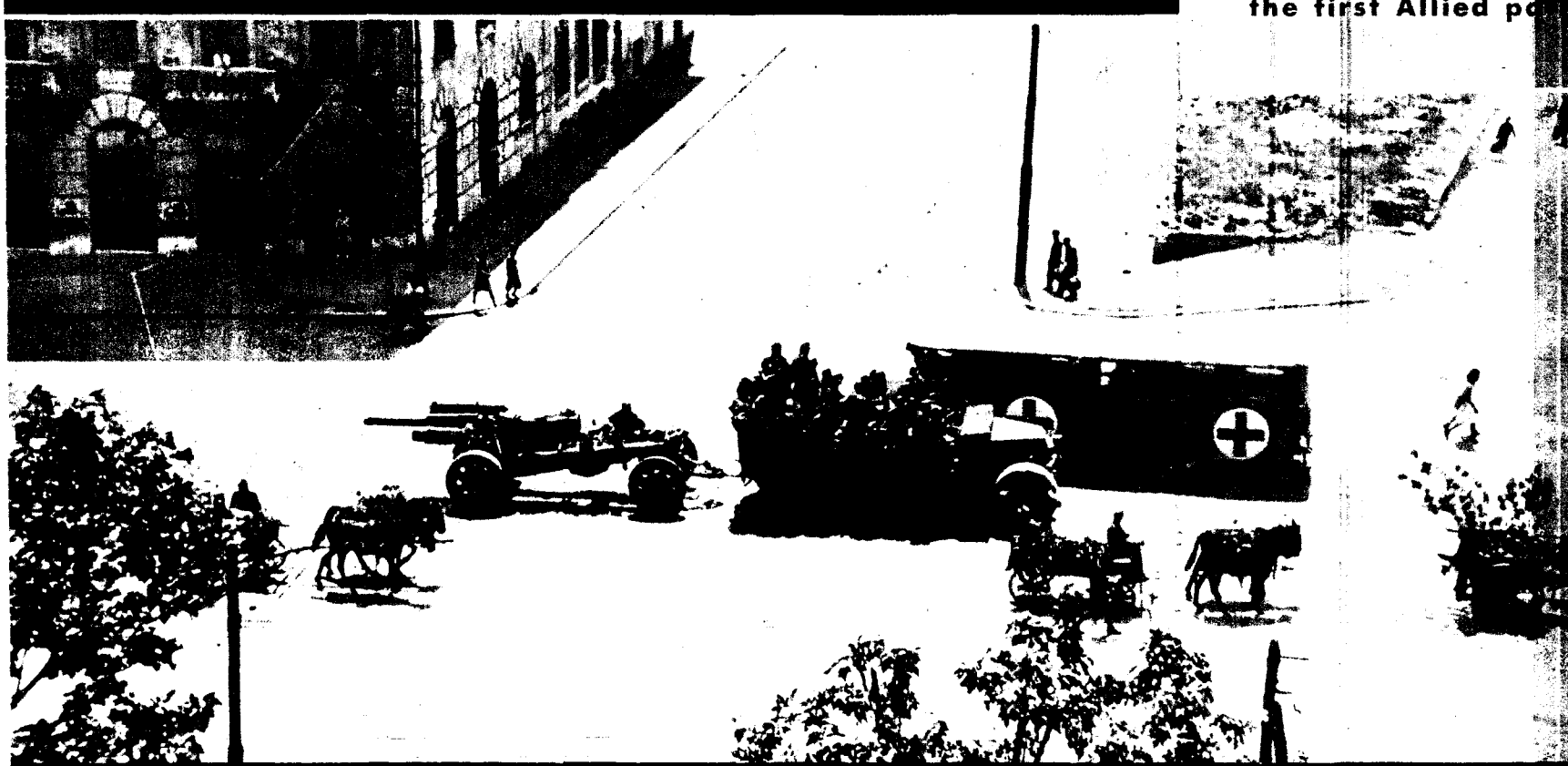
Italians display little interest as their unwelcome guests haul away an 88, camouflaged by branches. Use of horses reveals that Allied aerial pasting of enemy rear roads has had an immediate effect in front lines.



Significantly headed for the front is an ambulance, once a bus. In opposite direction a prime mover takes personnel and a 10.5-cm gun, past convoy of light carts.

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Over Rome

Two reports on the happy day when the Eternal City became the first European capital to get rid of the Nazis and welcome the Allies.

THESE GERMAN PARATROOPERS ARE YOUNG AND HAVE NOT FOUGHT LONG. NOW THEY ARE PRISONERS, CAPTURED AFTER FIERCE ACTION OUTSIDE VELLETRI, BELOW ROME.

By Sgt. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 1ST ARMORED DIVISION IN ROME [By Cable]—Eight days ago I was in Teheran, Iran; a few hours ago I was in Naples; now I was in Rome. I entered the city under sniper and machine-gun fire, with the point tanks of the 1st Armored Division, accompanied by riflemen.

Behind a big Sherman, the third tank to enter Rome, our jeep bounced at 1930 hours into this mad town filled with happy, hysterical people, sniper fire, pretty girls, mine explosions and free wine. How I happened to get here is a strange tale.

In Naples we were talking over my plane ride from Iran, the major and I, when a corporal from the censor's office came in and said our troops had entered Rome that afternoon. The major, who is my commanding officer, apologized for interrupting my story. "I'd better get up there and find a press to print YANK on," he said. "I'd better get up there and find a story," I said.

By 1400 hours the major and I, with Cpl. Sal Canizzo as our driver, were speeding toward Rome up Highway 7, the famous Appian Way. The major had decided to take Highway 7 because Sal said that, on the map, it seemed the straightest and easiest road to the Eternal City.

The highway was in excellent condition, and we moved quickly toward the front, slowing down only in towns like Formia, Terracina and Cisterna. There we had to pick our way through rubble-strewn streets. But if the streets were bad, the towns themselves were terrible. They were towns no longer — just lopsided masonry, dazed peasants, mangled trees and burned tanks. In every town there was the smell of death. You could tell the nearness to war by that smell.

Until we hit Velletri, there was little traffic except an occasional small convoy, and we had the highway to ourselves. But when we were about five miles out of Velletri, the road became clogged with traffic—on one lane only, the northbound lane that led to Rome. We zoomed up the outside lane, dodging back into the convoy whenever we spotted an MP.

We passed endless rows of crowded ammo trucks, gas trucks, ambulances, weapons carriers loaded down with equipment and six-by-sixes filled with infantrymen. The road was all dust, dirt and confusion. Whenever we stopped and asked the way to Rome, the MP would shake his head in a puzzled way and point hesitatingly toward the forward end of the dusty column going north on the Appian Way. There was no sign of the enemy; no gunfire of any kind; no planes —ours or theirs—in the sky; no foxholes or tanks. On this sunny afternoon the hustling, bustling column, noisy with yells and friendly curses, reminded me of the impatient crowds bound for dinner after a Saturday football game.

We sped through Albano, where the final push for Rome had started. No sooner had we passed through the quiet town than the whole scene changed. You didn't have to know much about war to sense that you were nearing the front. You could tell by the dust, rising from the road like a giant smoke screen and blotting out the warm caressing sun; you could tell by the absence of vigilant MPs, who up to now had kept shooing our jeep back into the noisy column.

And the column itself had changed. It now consisted of tanks—mostly heavies and mediums

This Week's Cover

WHEN in Rome, hold a Roman baby and be popular with the populace, says Pvt. Ben Pollack who was among the first American soldiers to enter the former Axis capital. YANK's Sgt. George Aarons photographed Pvt. Pollack standing on a motorcycle surrounded by a happy, well-dressed crowd.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. George Aarons. 2—Acme. 3—Signal Corps. 4—Upper left, INP; others, Acme. 6—YANK Rome Bureau. 7, 8, 9 & 10—Sgt. Aarons. 11—Upper right, MAAF; lower left, Sgt. Dick Hanley; lower right, Sgt. Dillon Ferris. 12—Upper left, Panama Canal Dept.; upper right, Signal Corps; center left, Ted Frutkoff; center right, WW; lower left, Acme; lower center, INP; lower right, PA. 13—Upper left, Sgt. Hanley; upper right, WW; center right, Acme; lower left, Coast Guard; lower right, Alaskan Dept. 15—Sgt. Steve Derry. 18—Upper, Signal Corps, Camp Polk, La.; lower, AAFTC, Tuskegee, Ala. 19—Upper, Signal Corps, Fort Benning, Ga.; center right, Engr. Gp. Photo, Camp Ellis, Ill.; lower left, AAFEFTC, Greenwood, Miss.; lower right, Base Photo Sec., Fairmont AAF, Nebr. 20—Columbia Pictures. 23—Upper, Acme; lower, M/Sgt. Clyde Henderson, Seventh Air Force.

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—and trucks mounted with heavy weapons. Straddled out in two single lines, 15 paces apart on both sides of the road, were infantrymen. Their faces were dirty and partly covered by handkerchiefs that helped keep the dust out of their mouths. As they walked up the road, they kept their guns on their hips. Neither the riflemen nor the tank crews talked much; they just moved silently up the road.

The column's pace had slowed down to a crawl when the sounds of shellfire suddenly came from up ahead. The men on the road dove for the safety of the embankment, and the tank crews ducked into their turrets. Sal nudged our jeep over to the embankment, and the three of us got out and lay down with the men at the side of the road. The shelling was over in five minutes, although it seemed like ages; then the column started to move again.

We got into the jeep, and the major looked at his map. For a moment he was silent. Then, taking off his helmet, he scratched his head. "It looks as if that kid from the censor was wrong. We might end up selling these blasted things to the Germans," he said, pointing to the bundle of YANKS we had brought along for promotion work in Rome. "Are you two willing to go on?" Sal, an Italian boy with a terrible yen to get to Rome, yelled "Hell, yes!" I waved my head indecisively. The major took that for an affirmative answer. Our jeep moved on.

Soon the tanks stopped again, and now our jeep was parked protectively behind the third leading tank. There was more fire. It was not the same kind of fire we had heard before; this had a whap instead of a whoosh.

A rifleman came over to our jeep; he was a short squat kid with a dark dirty face, and when he tried to smile you could see he was tired. "Hey, YANK," he said, pointing to the sticker on our jeep, "you're pretty far up to be getting autographs." Then he spotted the bundle of magazines. "Can I have one, sir?" he asked the major. "Sure thing," the major said.

I reached down and handed the rifleman 10 copies. He pulled a knife out of his hip pocket. "Wanna German souvenir, bud?" he asked. He threw the knife into the jeep and started across the road. He gave the rest of the magazines to a bunch of his buddies, and one of them yelled across: "This sure is first-class distribution."

Just then there was another dose of whaps, and one of the infantrymen behind us must have noticed my shaking hands. "Don't worry," he said. "That's just a couple of snipers over in that farmhouse. We're gonna go up and get the bastards in a minute."

The Appian Way had now widened out into a four-lane highway with a trolley line running down the middle. Through the dust you could see the city of Rome. Down the street, ignoring the sniper fire, came citizens of Rome, some of them carrying wine in jugs and bottles. One man came running down the road alone; he wore no coat and was crying. The short dark rifleman talked with him in Italian for a moment, then turned to us and said: "This guy's wife was blown up by a mine. He wants a doctor. You better tell one of the medics."

On the right side of the road three or four dogfaces were talking to the wine-carrying civilians. One of them took a big slug out of a bottle. Suddenly there was a shot, and the GI fell over in the road. The civilians scattered, and the other soldiers bent over their buddy. One of the crew of the lead tank yelled to the crouching rifleman: "Is he hurt bad?" And the little dark kid yelled back: "No, he ain't hurt. He's dead."

A second lieutenant and a squad of riflemen started up the embankment on the left toward the farmhouse from which the shots had come.

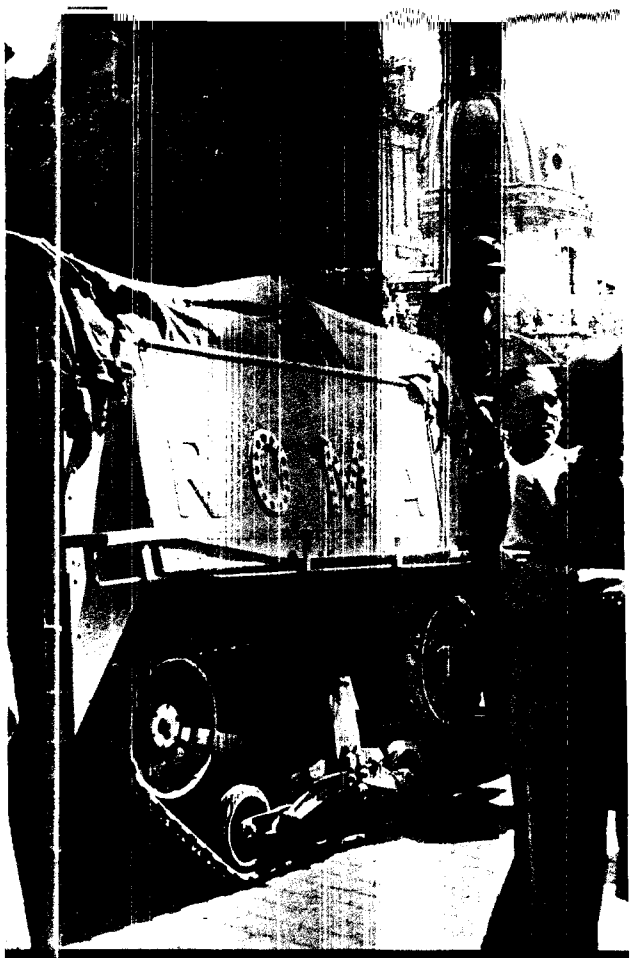
The lead tank began to move again. We decided to stay with the tanks, hoping they would finally make town. We felt uneasy on the road and nudged close to the third tank. The three tanks in front of us were the only ones moving; the rest of the column had stopped.

WE made it this time. No sooner had we passed between two long rows of apartment houses, at the point where the Appian Way ends and the city of Rome begins, than the three tanks and our jeep were engulfed by screaming, hysterical Romans. Some were laughing, some were crying and all of them wanted to touch us. One old lady kissed our jeep as if it were her lost son. A dark-haired girl placed a rose in Sal's ear. Somebody threw a bunch of flowers into the jeep and someone else put two bottles of wine alongside the flowers.

The three tanks had met the same fate. Romans swarmed over them like ants. The tanks couldn't move without killing somebody. I jumped out of the jeep and headed for the first tank to get the names of the GIs in it for my story, but it was impossible. Twice I was halfway up when the yelling crowd pushed me off.

Then I spotted an officer in the center of the road, trying to clear a path for the tanks. I went over and talked with him. "How does it feel to be one of the first tanks in Rome?" I asked. He was a tall thin-faced captain. "We're not staying here long," he said. "We're supposed to move up that road toward the Tiber, but these crazy people won't let us. They don't know it, but they're holding up the war."

The officer gave me the names of the men in the lead tank: Lt. Henry Schoberth of Versailles, Ky.; Sgt. John Brown Jr. of Canton, Ohio; T-5 Ernest Barnett of La Grande, Oreg.; Pvt. Tiberio Di Julio of Orange, N. J., and Pvt. Antonio Cano of Los Angeles, Calif.

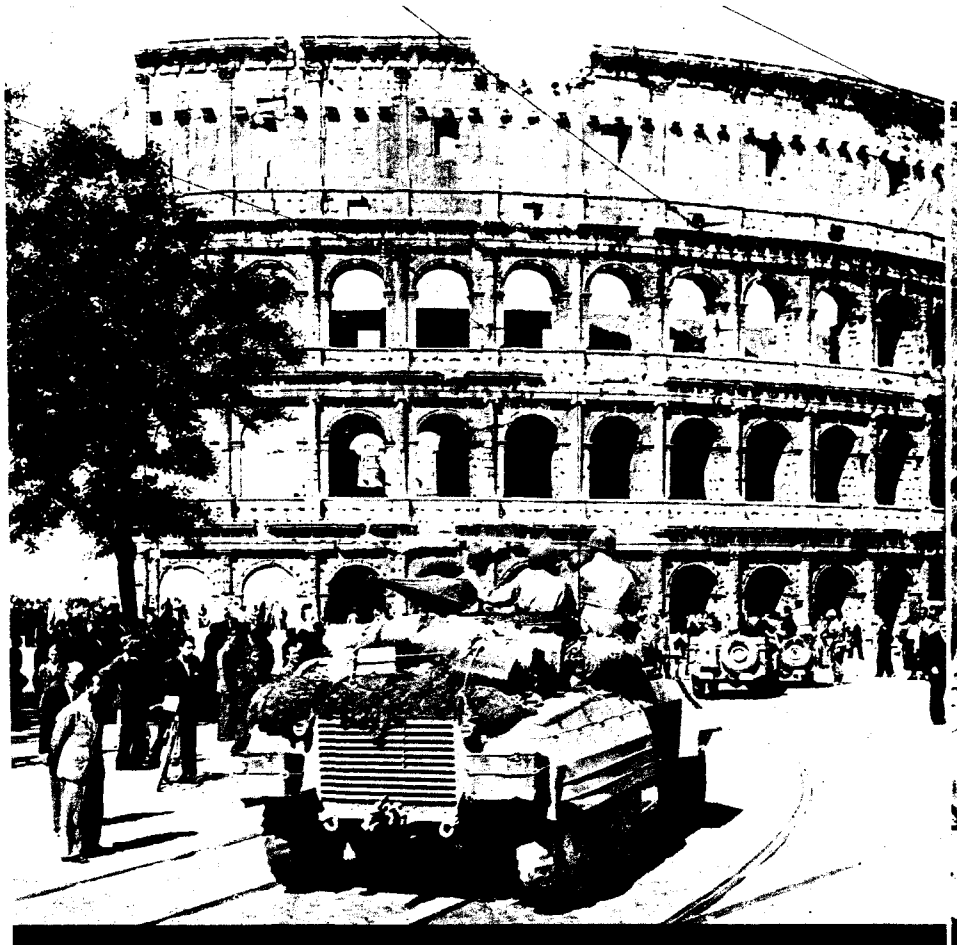


"ROMA" sign didn't come with that half-track scout car.

From somewhere came the whoosh of a self-propelled gun. The captain headed for his tank, and the tanks began to move to the side of the road for protection. Somehow nobody got hurt, and this time the Italians cleared a path. Then the tanks disappeared down the dark street.

When I reached the jeep, I found that the major had picked up an ex-colonel of the Italian Army. "We're going to his house for dinner," the major said. It was a confusing ride. We would start up one street and meet a bunch of people at the corner. They would either swarm all over our much-abused jeep or scream something about *Tedeschi*. This, Sal informed us, meant that there were still snipers up the street.

After backtracking over half the city of Rome, we finally arrived at the ex-colonel's home. He lived in a modern apartment house. We parked the jeep in his garage, locked the door and, after



The holes in that building aren't shellholes. It's the ancient Colosseum, getting a once-over by Yanks and Italian kids in the armored car and jeeps.

That's Rome up ahead. As infantrymen take 10 and a walkie-talkie relays a message, armored cars keep rolling down the highway, past interurban trolley.

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His knees doubled up in a jeep, the lanky commander of the Fifth Army, Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark, gets a warm greeting from Italian civilians on his arrival in Rome.

fighting our way through the mob that had formed in front of the entrance, arrived at our host's apartment. There we were introduced to his wife, his mother and two of his friends, a middle-aged couple. We had a dinner of ham sliced thinner than a Walgreen special, peas, salad and white wine. We knew food was scarce in Rome and went easy with the ex-colonel's larder.

Through Canizzo's New Jersey-style Italian, we learned that, besides being very happy, these people were interested in two things. The ex-colonel wanted to know how the Allies were going to treat the members of the Italian Army. The other gentleman, a banker, wanted to know what the AMG would do with the *lira*. We could answer neither question.

After thanking them for the dinner, we took off with a volunteer guide for the *Ambasciatori*, one of Rome's swankiest hotels. Our guide found it easily, and we went inside. There were no lights, since the Germans had knocked the powerhouse out of commission. At the desk we found a tall thin man in charge. He spoke good English and did not seem at all ruffled by our presence. "Aren't you surprised to see us?" we asked. "No," he said, "we were expecting you, but not quite so fast." "Are there any Americans here?" we asked. "Not yet," the man said, laughing quietly. "There were German officers in this hotel an hour and a half ago."

A bellboy took us to our rooms. Sal and I shared one with twin beds. He was asleep in five minutes, but I couldn't doze off. There was a lot of sniper fire, and with every whap I could picture some Kraut working his way toward our room. Soon the roar of tanks came up from the streets below. I went out on the balcony and breathed a sigh of relief when I saw they were ours. For a minute or two I watched and then I went back to bed. Soon the comforting roar of the tanks made me drowsy. I remember saying: "This all must be a dream." Then I went to sleep.

EARLY next morning I went down to the bar and met Charlie Castellotti, a famous bartender in the Paris of the hectic 1920s. Three German officers drank at Charlie's bar only a few hours before the arrival of our jeep. "They were sad," Charlie said. "They have felt for a long while that you were going to take Rome."

There was a pretty girl sitting at the other end of the bar with a beautiful dark cocker spaniel at her feet. I went over and petted the spaniel. He didn't seem to like my touch. "His name is Blacky," the girl said. "He was given to me by a German lieutenant last night."

It was a warm lazy day. There were still crowds in the streets. GIs whizzed through town with flowers in their helmets, bottles of wine in their hands and girls hanging on their jeeps.

On one of the main streets a water main had burst. Four happy dogfaces were pushing each other into the stream. A large crowd gathered and watched the horseplay, cheering whenever a soldier was thrown into the drink.

But not all the Roman scene was hysterical that day. Through one main street, in long serious lines, marched the infantry on its way to the Tiber and the forward positions. On another street tanks, trucks, guns and ammo rolled toward the front.

On still another street a band of civilians, armed with machine guns and wearing red bands on their sleeves, stormed a radio station. They brought out the proprietor and beat him to the ground, using their guns as clubs. Then they carried him off, yelling *"Fascisti."*

The pace was too fast to last. Pvt. Charles Camp of Dunbar, Pa., a rifleman who had fought from the beginning of the push to the very outskirts of the town, put it this way: "Come the MPs and the 'Off Limits' signs, and this town will slow down."

Highway 6

By Sgt. FRED ROSEN
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ROME [By Cable] —Nobody will ever know for certain which were the first Allied troops to enter Rome. During the evening hours of June 4, reconnaissance units, some armor and some infantrymen crept into the city from different directions. In some cases they pulled up to spend the night in houses vacated by Jerry only a half-hour before.

All night long there was sniper fighting throughout Rome as isolated Germans tried to join the rest of their forces fleeing north. German time bombs began booming from different sections of the city during the night. Armed *Partisanos* in civilian clothes, thirsting for revenge, roamed the dark streets, taking pot shots at German vehicles and rushing the buildings where Germans or Fascists were known to be hiding. The last few hours that night Yanks and *Partisanos*, some of them working together, captured a number of Germans trying to escape in civilian clothes.

The city was pitch dark. There was no electricity, no telephones, and water only here and there. The people of Rome sat up all night, peering out of shuttered windows, waiting for the Americans and spitting down curses on the Germans as they caromed through the streets on their way north. At least one of these Jerry vehicles sprayed lead at every window in sight.

At dawn, larger bodies of Allied troops began entering the city on every road leading up from the south. Most of them somehow came together, forming one great column moving up the Appian Way.

People came pouring out of the houses in a great flood. Hysterical women clasped their hands and rocked back and forth on the curbstones, moaning *"Grazia, grazia."*

WE had reached Rome after a furious jeep trip in pursuit of a picked force of Yanks and Canadians whose mission was to punch through the right flank of the German positions south of Rome and to penetrate the city.

The flying spearhead had met with unexpected success along the broad straight Highway 6, long used by the Germans as their main supply route. Jerry had retreated so fast that he had neglected his usual careful demolition; even the telephone poles were standing.

Beyond Valmontone, until recently the anchor of the enemy defense line, we came upon the first signs of battle—a half-dozen scorched German tanks and half-tracks, discarded helmets, little heaps of machine-gun shells, a dead German with letters and snapshots on the ground beside him.

The first Yanks we caught up with were tankers, asleep in the turrets or on the ground against the treads. A guard told us they were taking a six-hour break after three days of continuous fighting. Next we came to long lines of infantrymen, tired, dirty but determined. From a farmhouse 20 yards off the road, a couple of riflemen emerged with *vino* bottles in their hands and roses in their "buttonholes."

As we approached Cenecelli, a suburb of Rome, Italians lined the highway, cheering and waving. Old women in black dresses bowed and grinned like mechanical dolls. Men on bicycles leaped off and waved their arms in wild welcome. A kid, sitting on the branch of a tree that stuck out over the road, showered down handfuls of rose petals as we went by.

At the foot of a long upgrade in the road, we came to a cluster of soldiers crouched in a ditch. "Take it easy, there," said a heavy-bearded soldier sprawled in the ditch on one elbow. "This is the end of the line. Jerry is just over the hill." We had caught up with the spearhead.

The Yanks and Canadians had been held up for an hour by a couple of German self-propelled guns and some tanks, dug in over the hill. This effective roadblock had already knocked out two American tanks.

We sat around the ditch. Nobody seemed to know what to do until reinforcements arrived. Two of our tanks went over the hill to try to root the Jerry out, and we could hear the high song of the fast German machine gun that the boys called the diarrhea gun. Two shells burst 20 yards from our ditch. We slammed our faces in-

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They tried to clean out a German nest, but shells stopped Pvt. Neal McLean (right, with bazooka) and *vino* stopped Sgt. Nellis Johnson (left, with BAR).

Here you see what happens to a German 88-mm gun when it meets up with Allied shells. Some Yanks inspect wreckage after the hard fighting for Velletri.

Out for German blood: Armed with rifles, a gang of young Italian *Partisanos* rides through Rome streets in truck, hunting for Jerry snipers and stragglers.

to the dirt. Five men crawled down the ditch to join us. They were the crew of one of the tanks, just knocked out by the Germans. "If we could only see where the bastards are," one gasped.

For at least an hour enemy fire kept us pinned down. Whenever a shell burst close to a church near our ditch, it set the bells clanging. We looked at each other and remembered it was Sunday. Suddenly we spotted a wedding procession walking down the road toward the church—eight couples, arm in arm, all dolled up in their Sunday best. The white-gowned bride giggled prettily, as if the roar of shells were her wedding march and the ricocheting bullets were rice.

After another 15 minutes, the lieutenant in charge decided to move up closer to the crest of the hill. We stooped over as we walked up the ditch and carefully avoided stepping on the shoulders of the road—Jerry's favorite place for mines. As the shells whistled and crashed all around us, we turned off the road and sprinted for a half-ruined farmhouse. Some of our tanks roared past, on their way over the hill for another try at Jerry.

Four hours passed while we listened to the battle. Everybody grew restless as the sun got hotter and the flies and the dust increased. Without telling the lieutenant, T-4 Nellis Johnson, an Indian from Pima, Ariz., and Pvt. Neal McLean of Chicago, Ill., crawled through the grass toward the hilltop. McLean had a bazooka, plenty of shells and hand grenades. Johnson had grenades and his favorite weapon, a Johnson automatic rifle, which he calls a "Johnny gun."

Nearly an hour later the two came crawling back. McLean had fired all the bazooka shells into a house where he thought the German guns were located, and had been kept skipping around by machine-gun fire that came back. Johnson was plastered. He had crept around a house to "surround the Jerries" and found a *vino* cellar. The lieutenant burned their ears off for going up without orders. Johnson swayed back and forth, listening meekly and mumbling: "But, sir, we got so tired sitting here!"

Then Jerry began to work on us in earnest. Shells exploded all over the field and the road. "Airbursts," so-called because they exploded before hitting the ground, sent a shower of jagged steel into the backs of the men below. Broken window glass tinkled on our helmets. We had to get shelter—and quick. One of the Canadians shot the lock off a cellar door, but it was no use. The place was full of wine barrels, and we couldn't get in. A shell fragment cut into the Canadian's back; he fell like an empty sack.

An Italian stuck his head out of the farmhouse and told us there were caves in the fields to our left. One by one we rose and walked at a stoop across the fields. The first man didn't run, so neither did the second. Not a man broke into a run. We all crossed safely. The caves were enormous. They were green with fungus, dark and smelly, but they seemed like heaven: there was six feet of rock between us and the shells.

At last the main body of our tanks arrived. In a half hour the job was done; the roadblock was smashed and the advance could continue. We had been held up five hours.

Then a long column of doughboys plodded up the hill. It looked as if the whole damn Army had arrived. The doughboys had marched at least 12 miles in the hot sun, but they just unslung their rifles as they approached the hill crest, bent over a bit and kept going.

THE dome of St. Peter's showed up on the horizon through the mist and smoke. We were nearing the center of Rome, but there still seemed to be German snipers and machine gunners in every other cellar window. It took vicious street fighting before Jerry was driven back.

We stared at the enormous fountains, the huge statues and the gray stone buildings—relics of ancient Rome. There were many priests on the streets. The surprisingly well-dressed crowds were getting wilder every minute. Everyone wanted to shake our hands. Some said "Welcome" and others just yelled "*Viva*" and waved handkerchiefs and flags around and around their heads. A brown-frocked Franciscan monk stood on the corner and blessed each Allied vehicle as it rolled by. A woman held up her *bambino* so that he would see and remember the great day when the *Americanos* marched in to liberate Mother Rome. Screaming swarms of kids clung to our jeep and tossed bunches of flowers all over her until she looked like a broken-down hag made up to look like Hedy Lamarr. A well-dressed gentleman jumped on the radiator and hung on precariously for a block while he got off his chest in broken English the wish that America and *Italia* be closa friends forever. Two girls, eyes flashing, climbed on the fenders, drew their hands across their throats and shrieked "*Morte Tedeschi!* (Death to the Germans!)"

Around a long bend we sighted the ancient Colosseum, and under one of its huge arches of crumbling gray stone something that it had never seen before in all its years—a jeep with four exhausted Yanks sprawled out sound asleep.

An average of two or three times every block somebody would pump our hands up and down, wild with excitement, and ask whether we knew his cousin so-and-so who lived in Newark or Chicago or Brooklyn. Six Yanks in the jeep ahead made it a rule always to say yes; then the Italians would drop off, ecstatic.

WE were moving more and more slowly until we came to the great square known as the *Piazza Venizza* where Mussolini used to make his famous balcony speeches. Here the crowd was so thick that the column stopped completely.

A group of Yanks and Canadians who had fought in the spearhead force worked their way through the crowd and up through the side door of Mussolini's palace, through its great gaudy corridors with their gilt ceilings, to the office where the great man used to sit.

Mussolini's huge desk was located at one end of the long room, so that visitors who had to walk all the way across would feel properly humble by the time they came to the big cheese himself. Sgt. Sam Finn of St. Louis, Mo., sat in the chair, put his feet up on the desk, clasped his hands behind his head and said: "Not bad, not bad at all." All around us bustled palace guards and police in musical-comedy uniforms, with yard-wide cocked hats like the kind Napoleon used to wear. We stepped out of the office onto the balcony, and a great roar went up from the crowd in the square below. We were on Mussolini's own balcony, undoubtedly the first Yank uniforms ever seen there.

"*Viva Americanos!*" yelled thousands of people as they waved their handkerchiefs up at us—the same sight Mussolini must have seen as he looked down. It was then that Sgt. John Vita of Port Chester, N. Y., pulled the historic stunt that will be talked about for the duration and six. He stuck out his chin, threw out his chest and did a terrific take-off of Mussolini, speaking in Italian. The crowds loved it. They nearly went mad with joy when Vita made the exact kind of slap with his left palm against his right bicep as he shot his arm up in the Fascist salute.

That sort of thing went on all day. The fiesta spirit was broken only by occasional shots as mobs went after the stores and homes of Fascists. Once in a while we saw trucks and busses jammed with armed *Partisanos*, who fired into the air as they combed the side street and alleys.

It was a great day and one that no American soldier who was there will ever forget. By late afternoon the Yanks who had come in first and then scattered over the city were swinging into line and joining the steady columns of doughboys pouring through Rome all day from south to north. The doughboys were so tired they made little attempt to straighten up and parade.

These infantrymen were tired as only men can be who haven't slept two nights in five days. There were beards on their faces, and their eyes were sunken and red as they plodded silently forward. They held their rifles any old way over their shoulders, and many had tied pieces of burlap and odd rags around their helmets in place of lost camouflage nets.

These were the dirty, tough, goddam wonderful infantrymen who had fought their way up the long bloody mountain path from Salerno; the men who had lived in underground holes at Anzio for months, sweating out the deadly German shellings; the men who always seemed to have to fight straight uphill into the muzzles of German guns; the men who had won Rome.

They had won Rome, but they did not have time to stop in it now. Their job was killing Germans, and since the Germans were running north, that was where they were heading.

In one long brown column a couple of doughboys were chanting a jingle that expresses, better than anything else, the spirit of the Fifth Army. It goes this way:

From Sicily to Rome,
Then Berlin and home. . . .

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SUNNY ITALY. On top of Mount Vesuvius, Pfc. Iris O'Brien of Washington, D. C., is about to get her face washed with snow by Pfc. Albert Vincent of Vancouver, B. C. They're in the Mediterranean Allied Air Forces.

Yanks at home abroad—

Crime and Punishment

SOMEWHERE IN ITALY—There's a tiny village of about 20 houses here, where every person in town thinks he's the luckiest man alive.

Some drunken German soldiers had wandered into the village, broken into the houses, filled themselves with *vino* and used the wine barrels for target practice, laughing loudly when the old wine gushed onto the ground.

Finally the American artillery started shelling nearby, and the Nazi drunks began to stagger out of the place—all except one, who decided to see how his tommy gun worked.

He lined up all the Italians he could find and was all set to start shooting when some shells hit the top of the building across the street and the falling rubble killed several people, including him.

The townspeople buried their own dead but they left the German where he fell. For a week the body lay there, stinking in the sun, and nobody would bury it. Instead, every time the Italians passed the body, they spit.

When the American soldiers entered the town, they buried the German. The Italians still haven't forgiven them for doing that.

—YANK Field Correspondent

Song of the Islands

GUADALCANAL — When Guadalcanal's "Radio City" conducted a band-popularity contest recently, the GIs who operate the new station got the surprise of their lives. Harry James and Benny Goodman trailed Roy Acuff's Tennessee hillbilly band, which received 400 of the 1,000 votes cast by soldiers, sailors and marines of the 'Canal, on smaller South Sea islands and on patrol ships offshore.

But James is still going to get top billing from the Jacksons who run the broadcasting plant in a three-room shed in a muddy coconut grove. These GI operators, who hail from big cities (Chicago, Salt Lake City, Duluth and Cincinnati), claim the vote was a fluke.

They blame T-5 Hyman Averback of Los Angeles, who conducts the station's "Section 8 Program," a session of recorded music and Averback chatter. Far from being a friend of hillbilly chants, Averback is such an ardent hot-music man that he lets his prejudices creep into his running commentary on the platters. "I've got some hillbilly records here," he'll remark, "but who likes hillbilly? Let's have a Harry James."

"That got them riled up," the other operators of the station say, "and resulted in concerted pressure when we took the poll." Just in case this is the wrong explanation, though, the station is going to give more air time to that good old mountain music.

—Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

Temptation

SOMEWHERE IN THE CARIBBEAN—Life on an island down here— a mere shovelful of dirt in the Antilles—is just one long temptation after another.

Across a small body of water you can see a gay, glittering city whose lights beckon to the wayward GI, inviting him to travel the road connecting the island and the mainland.

But passes are scarce, and the trip takes many hours coming and going. So dogfaces on the island naturally cast about for other sources of amusement. There is very little here except rusty huts, shabby fishermen's families and dead fish —and another temptation requiring even more rigid self-control.

The island boasts a distillery, which is one of the largest producers of rum in the Caribbean.

—Pvt. JUD COOK
YANK Staff Correspondent

Fighting Cock

PERSIAN GULF COMMAND — Army pets range from the auk to the zebra, but a trucking station in northern Iran proudly claims a simple barnyard fowl as its mascot. The rooster, a medium-sized Mediterranean Red, doesn't even have a name as yet, but if you believe its owner, T-5 Wallace Grube of New York, N. Y., it is potentially the best fighting cock in the history of the sport.

The Red, a well-fed fowl with an irridescent feathered neck that sparkles like the rainbow, has one of the finest harems in the Moslem Middle East. He struts about the yard daily, the idol of six curvesome hens and the envy of his GI masters. Brought to the post as a present from some visiting British soldiers, he acts as if he were at least executive officer.

The rooster was spotted as a fighter from his first appearance on the scene. Young as he was (and still is), his spurs were well developed and he showed a pleasant tendency to dig them into wrists that were not bearing tribute in the form of chow left-overs. Cpl. Grube, who as chief cook was in a good position to win the confidence of his pet, lost no time finding him a match.

One of the coolies working on the post brought a challenger cock from a nearby native village. The aristocratic Red finished off the contender in 12 seconds flat and had scarcely a blood speck on his comb to show for it. After the fight he went back to his corner strutting, and his henwives almost smothered him with congratulations.

"Hen or soldier," says Grube, "he's probably the best combat man in the Persian Gulf Command. Only thing that worries me is, I'm afraid he'll go stale in a nonfighting outfit. I'm checking with the CO to see if I can't get him a transfer to a more active theater.

"Golly, would he go great in the Southwest Pacific."

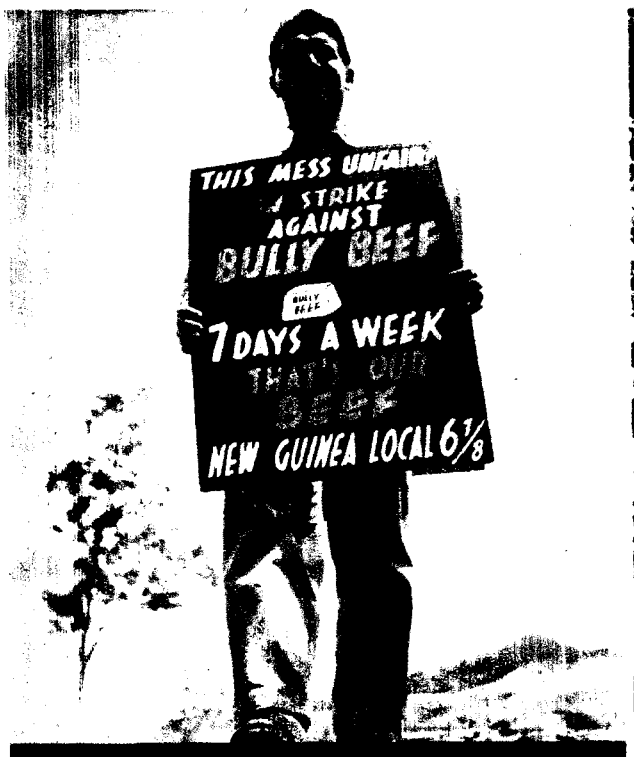
—Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

Don't Wake Me; Let Me Dream

ENGLAND—When Pvt. Charles Schmelze of Pittsburgh, Pa., had finished servicing a troop-carrying glider of the Ninth Air Force for the big invasion hop, he was pretty well pooped. So he climbed aboard the glider, picked himself a comfortable corner and hit the hay.

The glider, towed by a plane piloted by F/O E. G. Borgmeyer of St. Louis, Mo., was last seen landing in a zone of heavy fighting. Pvt. Schmelze had slept his way into history's greatest military operation.

—YANK London Bureau



BEEF. Fed up with eating bully beef at his Fifth Air Force squadron mess in a New Guinea forward area, Sgt. Angelo Luciano of Wilmington, Del., organizes a one-man picket line, complete with sandwich sign.

SCOREBOARD. Pvt. James O'Banner of Memphis, Tenn., first Negro infantryman to kill a Jap, notches his carbine. He scored the kill on a patrol at Bougainville, where 93d Division saw its first action.

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In Panama City, Sgts. Gerald Hubbush, Louisville, Ky., and Dan Marcus, Norwich, Conn., shop for the home folks. One native isn't interested.

Enemy altitude flyers beware. This U. S. Army 120-mm (4.7-incl gun fires 20,000 feet higher than any other antiaircraft weapon in the worl

First Red Cross girls in Burma: Maxine Robertson, Portland, Oreg.; Mary Rogan, Glendale, Ohio; Judy Fitch, Hudson, Ohio; Star Giddy, New York City.

Don't let the GI's mugging distract you from the pool player. He's Maj. Gen. Arthur Wilson, Naples.

A Yank paratrooper Down Under has troubles. First he tangled in a tree. Next he opened his emergency chute. Then—aw, what's the use?

When the little woman writes that she needs a new beach hat, tell her what Ruth Roman, screen starlet, did with only a lowly towel. On Ruth it looks good.

This German prisoner at Anzio isn't exactly a young man. But his appetite is young. He puts away C rations as though they were steak.

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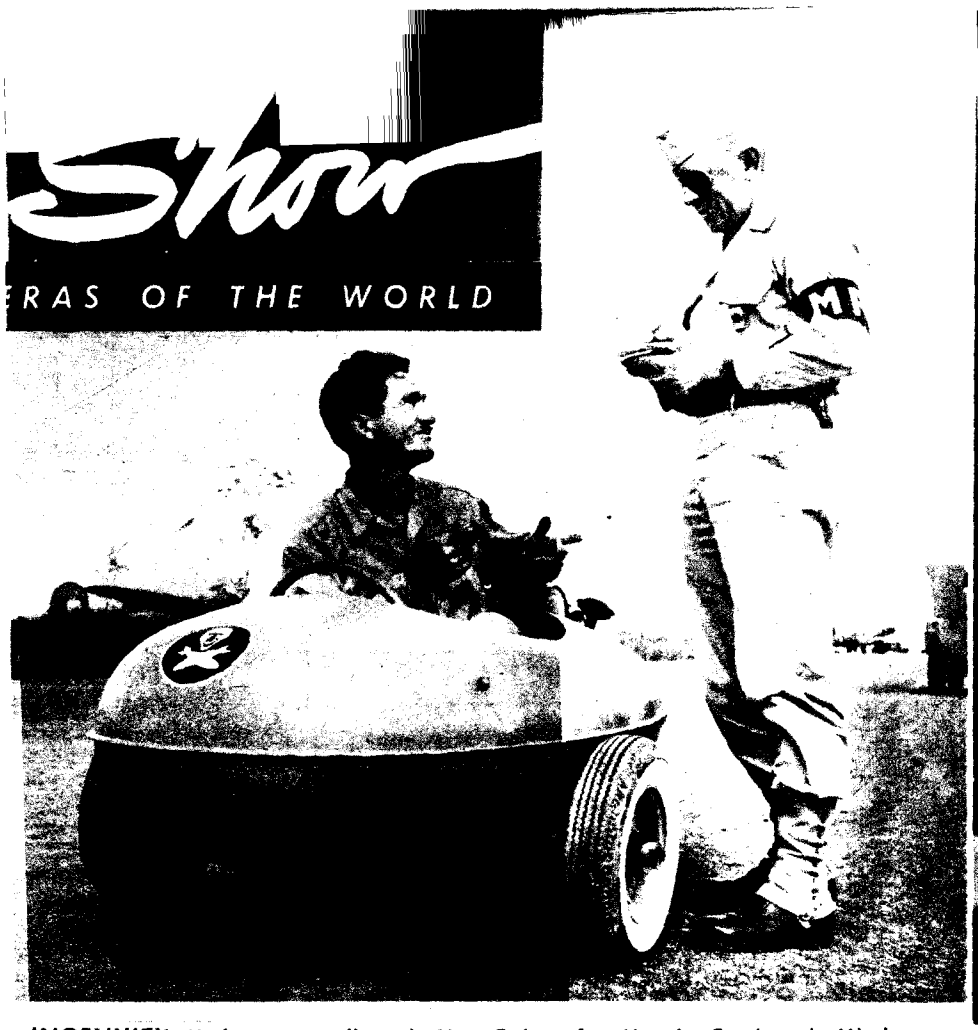
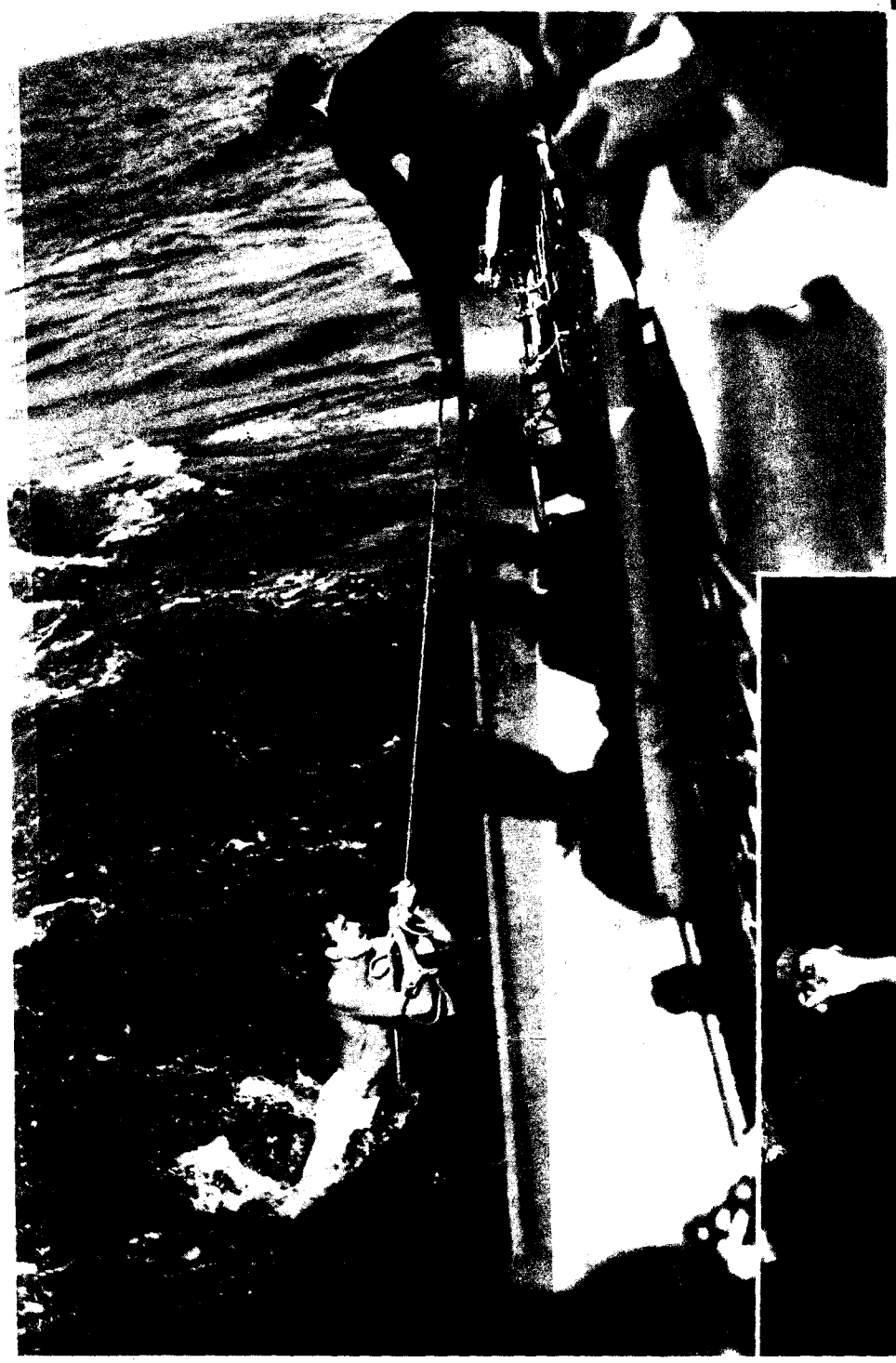
Show

ERAS OF THE WORLD



INGENUITY. He hates to walk, so in New Guinea Sgt. Maurice Tombaugh, Minden, Nebr., tells T-5 John Openshaw how he made a car mainly from plane's belly tank.

Hollywood's Donna Reed holds figure of herself in gown for "Dorian Gray." She also has the gown on. That's where it looks best.



ALL RIPLEY. Believe it or not, Earl N. Phillips, seaman from Radford, Va., fell off a ship in mid-Atlantic. About half an hour later a Coast Guard DE happened along. Result: an invigorating dip for Earl.

Beaufighters of RAF Coastal Command now carry rocket projectiles. Here two streak out, while their gas starts to blanket plane's tail.

Pvt. Buck Goodwin pauses for his partner, Mrs. Kettleson, to get an eyeful of jitterbugging. They're at a sourdough dance in a log-cabin recreation building made from local material on an island off Alaska. It took nine long months to build the place, but it's worth it.

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MAIL CALL

Saluting German Prisoners

Dear YANK:

I saw the article in a March issue of YANK in regard to the saluting of German officers who are prisoners of war. [YANK in *What's Your Problem* quoted the Provost Marshal General's Office as saying GIs had to salute Nazi prisoners of war.—*Ed.*] I'll have to add my moans to those of the many GIs who wrote to *Mail Call* in the May issue. We have a very good reason to bitch, and I know if some of my old buddies in Africa could see or hear of the above they sure would add a lot more to *Mail Call*. After going through dust, mud and malaria, not to mention a lot of other things, then to have to salute Nazi officers——! . . . The Huns and the Japs are the cause of most of the world's troubles today, then to have to give them the honor of a salute—well, not today or any other day that I am in my right mind. Too many rotten, yellow deals have been pulled by them for me ever to have the sense of mind to salute them. . . . Strange things are caused by war, but this is the strangest yet heard of in a world or country that is supposed to be modern and civilized.

Barksdale Field, La. —Cpl. BYRON O. BARKER

Dear YANK:

. . . Why not have the Germans over for a spot of tea?

Douglas AAF, Ariz. —Pvt. F. A. VALERONI

Dear YANK:

. . . I do not see that our men should salute them. It is not re-education to permit them to retain Nazi psychosis by being saluted by their captors. . . .

India —Cpl. WARD McCABE

Dear YANK:

Deal me in on that deck of sentiments against the saluting of German prisoners. I'm a four-engine first pilot, and the only highball I'd ever "award" the enemy would be if I were knocked down and hauled before the Reich High Command. Then I'd probably thumb my nose at 'em.

Westover Field, Mass. —Lt. SAM C. MECLE Jr.

Dear YANK:

I've noted with amusement the debate over saluting enemy officers. . . . What the hell difference does it make whether you salute an Allied or Axis officer —they're *officers*, aren't they? You're not saluting the man, remember? (If you were, there's some of our own you wouldn't like to salute.) A soldier worthy of being called a soldier salutes rank; but then, lots of us guys are just civilians in uniform.

Any jerk can refuse to salute an enemy, but it takes a man and a sportsman to show an opponent that he's big enough and clean enough not to kick a loser when he's down, no matter how unfortunate the loser is. Salute proudly, soldier; it takes guts to do it sometimes, but you get *respect* when you do it. Would our officers appreciate this gesture in a foreign camp?

Lowry Field, Colo. —Pvt. STEVE CLENSOS

■ In *Mail Call* of an April issue of YANK Cpl. Ernest T. Dutton wrote from Kennedy General Hospital, Tenn., that he was a prisoner of the Nazis in Italy for eight months and that he "never saw any Nazi guard or enlisted soldier salute our officers, British or American."

Sinatra

Dear YANK:

On the behalf of the members of my company I wish to inform you of a new punishment that we were forced to undergo over here in the South Pacific. For 14 months our morale has been strong and our spirits high. We have dodged Japs and falling coconuts, suffered ringworm, fungus, malaria, insects' bites, heat rash and jungle rot, but when they pass out Frank Sinatra in "Higher and Higher" we quit. The war had better end soon if the country is so short of men that the women pick that fugitive from a scarecrow factory for an idol. I might add that the show was crowded when the picture started (we gave him the benefit of the doubt!), but only 10 PWs remained to the end (they were well guarded). When the lights went on, the company doctor passed out Section Eights to the unconscious guards.

Guadalcanal —Pvt. BARNEY KIRK

Dear YANK:

We've just seen the show "Higher and Higher" and have decided that a picture of Frank Sinatra in a bathing suit would help the morale of the women on the home front and in the defense plants. A pin-up picture of Frankie would speed up production at least 20 percent, which would be of great value toward an early victory.

New Caledonia —S/Sgt. W. C. PROWS*

*Also signed by 1st Sgt. Frank A. Traum, S/Sgt. O. D. Winstead, Sgts. Bob Hughes and Fred Brown, Cpls. T. J. Sullivan, W. M. Geiken, Cecil R. Boston, Anthony Donahue and Robert J. Buechel and Pvts. Wm. P. Cashman, Daniel T. Walsh, Garrett Bushman and George Gaastra.

War

Dear YANK:

While riding in a truck the other day I overheard a discussion between two officers which seemed to me to constitute the gripe to end all gripes. As pilots they were bemoaning their luck because ground personnel officers could use command cars to date the lovely ladies of our medical detachment, while they had to be satisfied with the lowly jeep. Man, ain't it a grim war?

India —Cpl. HARRY G. SHIPMAN

Gripe on Gripers

Dear YANK:

We have been reading YANK for many many months, in North Africa, Iran and now here in India. We think it is the best damn weekly publication ever to receive ink from a printing press. However, we think a certain section is being highly abused and slightly degraded. The section is *Mail Call*. There are some darn good questions submitted from time to time and very good answers given in return. But we think that some of our fellow soldiers are just bitching in this column to see their names in print. . . .

India —Pfc. H. CHAMBERLIN*

*Also signed by 56 others.

Dear YANK:

In Joe Valasky's "Gripe on Gripers" he says it's aspirins he needs, since the onslaught of gripers to YANK is giving him a terrible headache. Well, it seems to me that if you didn't have a place where guys could sort of get together and hold a little confab about things that are troubling them, it would be downright unconstitutional. It's free speech and public opinion which mold the course of the world, you know. But those words are high-sounding phrases. What really counts for the griper is that he has the chance to get things off his chest. Then he feels relieved about it.

Central Pacific —Pvt. RALPH EBERT

Unlucky Name

Dear YANK:

In *Mail Call* in one of your recent editions an item titled "Mercy for Japs" was sent in by Pvt. Ralph Luckey. [Pvt. Luckey protested the shooting of Japs on Makin Island when they might have been taken alive as prisoners.—*Ed.*] Unfortunately many of my friends have mistaken the article as my viewpoint since he and I both have the same name. As far as I'm concerned, the only "good" Jap is a dead Jap, and here's wishing more power to all the Yanks who are eliminating them.

Italy —2d Lt. RALPH J. LUCKEY

Honor

Dear YANK:

My mother is very proud of the Purple Heart she received when my brother was killed over France. She wouldn't, I'm sure, be nearly so proud if she knew it ranked just one above the Good Conduct Medal. What a disgrace to all those men who had to die to get it.

India —Cpl. LESTER E. DOLAN

Obvious Boner

Dear YANK:

That cartoon of Pvt. Thomas Flannery's in a recent edition showing the MP dressing up the line in front of the Army Relief Show had one boner that just couldn't possibly be overlooked. An MP always wears his brassard on the left arm.

Britain —Lt. A. J. RUTSHAW

■ What do you mean, "just couldn't possibly be overlooked?" We did, didn't we?

States' Sons in Service

Dear YANK:

. . . Your statement in *Strictly GI* in a June issue [YANK said that the "War Department's new state-by-state break-down of personnel statistics gives the lie to the claim that half the Army comes from Texas."—*Ed.*] is not appreciated in view of the fact that the claim that half the Army is made up of Texans was never made unless in jest. We do know better than that, even if the Yankees don't think so. We have claimed the greatest number of troops *per population* of the states, the claim based on quotations in newspapers. . . . You should print the percentage per state in the armed forces.

Strother Field, Kans. —Sgt. JOHN C. MAY

■ YANK's statistician went right to work to settle this question once and for all. Nevada, with the smallest population of all the states and, therefore, with the smallest number of men in both the Army and Navy, ranks first on the basis of percentage. Texas is topped by 18 other states. Here is the full list. The controversy is closed—we hope.

State	Percentage	State	Percentage
Alabama	6.7	Montana	7.3
Arizona	7.8	Nebraska	6.8
Arkansas	6.5	Nevada	11.5
California	9.3	New Hampshire	7.8
Colorado	7.3	New Jersey	9.2
Connecticut	9.2	New Mexico	8.1
Delaware	8.1	New York	8.4
District of Columbia	10.6	North Carolina	6.3
Florida	8.2	North Dakota	6.5
Georgia	6.4	Ohio	8.2
Idaho	7.0	Oklahoma	6.9
Illinois	8.1	Oregon	8.8
Indiana	7.6	Pennsylvania	8.2
Iowa	6.9	Rhode Island	9.2
Kansas	7.4	South Carolina	6.4
Kentucky	6.7	South Dakota	6.2
Louisiana	7.4	Tennessee	7.1
Maine	7.5	Texas	8.0
Maryland	8.2	Utah	8.6
Massachusetts	8.7	Vermont	6.7
Michigan	7.8	Virginia	7.4
Minnesota	7.3	Washington	8.2
Mississippi	6.5	West Virginia	7.9
Missouri	7.4	Wisconsin	6.6
Wyoming	8.0		

Message Center

Capt. TOM BIVINS, formerly of the 6th Armd. Div., Camp Cooke, Calif.: write Pvt. Erve Schultz, Military Police, Det. 1, Douglas, Wyo. . . . Sgt. CLARENCE W. BLANFORD, last heard of in the 140th Inf. at Camp Robinson, Ark.: write Joseph R. J. Lesch, Box 559, Seamen's House, 550 W. 20th St., N. Y. C. . . . Pfc. NICK CEROVAC and A/S BOB CHRISTENSON, once at Camp Blanding, Fla.: write Pfc. Andrew R. Kurta, 215th Combat Crew Sec., PO Box 4646, AAB, Pueblo, Colo. . . . Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Sgt. JAMES O. ELLIS, last heard of in Camp Lee, Va.: write Pfc. T. F. Watkins Jr., Co. F, 176th Inf., Fort Benning, Ga. . . . JOHN GOAD, formerly of Co. A, 25th Bn., 7th Regt., Fort McClellan, Ala.: write S/Sgt. Paul G. Faircloth, 426 Base Hq. & AB Sq., SAAF, Stuttgart, Ark. . . . Sgt. VERLIN E. HIGGINBATHAM, once at Station Hospital, San Francisco, Calif.: write Cpl. A. J. Ward, 24th ADG Repair Sq., Kelly Field, Tex. . . . Pvt. PARIS W. HILL, once at Camp Davis, N. C.: write Cpl. James McGee, Hq. Btry., 99th AAA Gun. Bn., Camp Stewart, Ga. . . . S/Sgt. SAUL KLAU, who was attached to Regt. Hq., Camp Shelby, Miss., 1942, now an officer: write Pvt. Samuel Klau, Btry. C, 718 FA Bn., 63d Div., APO 410, Camp Van Dorn, Miss. . . . Sgt. ROBERT S. KNOX: write Pvt. Ernest G. Patton, Co. D, 3d Prov. Regt., ASFTC, Camp Claiborne, La. . . . M/Sgt. CARTER T. LEACH, last heard of at Fort Wayne, Ind.: write Lt. D. F. McCarron, Gen. Del., Baer Field, Fort Wayne, Ind. . . . SHORTY LENZER, once in the 110th Med. Bn., Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.: write Cpl. Franklin Geske, Antitank Co., 140th Inf., Camp Howze, Tex. . . . 2d Lt. STANLEY LEO LEWANDOWSKI, once at Jefferson Bks., Mo.: write A/C Russell F. Mueller, Sq. 2, Bks. T-801 (CAAF), Columbus, Miss. . . . Pvt. CHARLES F. LOHR, overseas: write Pvt. John W. Gorman, 97th Sig. Co., APO 445, Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. . . . EDWARD P. MULBERRY of Long Island, at Camp Upton in 1942: write Cpl. Robert J. Bolger, Sub Unit E, 113 AAFBU, Charleston, S. C. . . . Pfc. EARL L. ORNETT: write Pvt. Lewis E. Best, 3501 AAFBU, Sec. O, BMC #1, Boca Raton, Fla. . . . BARRIE D. RICHARDSON S2c: write Pfc. R. J. Buckley, Co. B, 519th MP Bn., Camp Chaffee, Ark. . . . O/C FRED RUTHFAUFF, last heard of at Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Md.: write Pvt. Merrill Ormes, 579th Sig. Dep. Co., PO Unit #2, Camp Cooke, Calif. . . . Marine Pvt. FRANKIE SAMMARTANO, once at Naval Base in Jacksonville, Fla.: write Pfc. Daniel S. Karlin, Hq. Co., 3d Bn., 264th Inf., 66th Div., APO 454, Camp Robinson, Ark. . . . 1st Sgt. JOHN SAVICH or other buddies of the 368th TSS, Scott Field, Ill.: write S/Sgt. Francis J. Weaver, 484th BHQ & AB Sq., Willow Run Airport, Ypsilanti, Mich. . . . DOROTHY SHORES, last heard of with the WAVES at Terminal Island, or anyone knowing her whereabouts: write Nibs G. Balber, Btry. B, 199th FA, 410 Gp., Camp Butner, Durham, N. C. . . . ROBERT TRAUM & EUGENE TREIBER of Brooklyn: write Pfc. Seymour Posner, Co. H, 202 Inf., APO 411, Camp Gruber, Okla. . . . Lt. BETTY WARDLOU, formerly in Co. 19, 3d Regt., Fort Des Moines, Iowa: write Cpl. Claudine Stribling, Co. 8, 22d WAC Regt., Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE. A list of shoulder-patch collectors' names will be sent to you if you write *Shoulder Patch Exchange*, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Specify whether you want your name added to the list.

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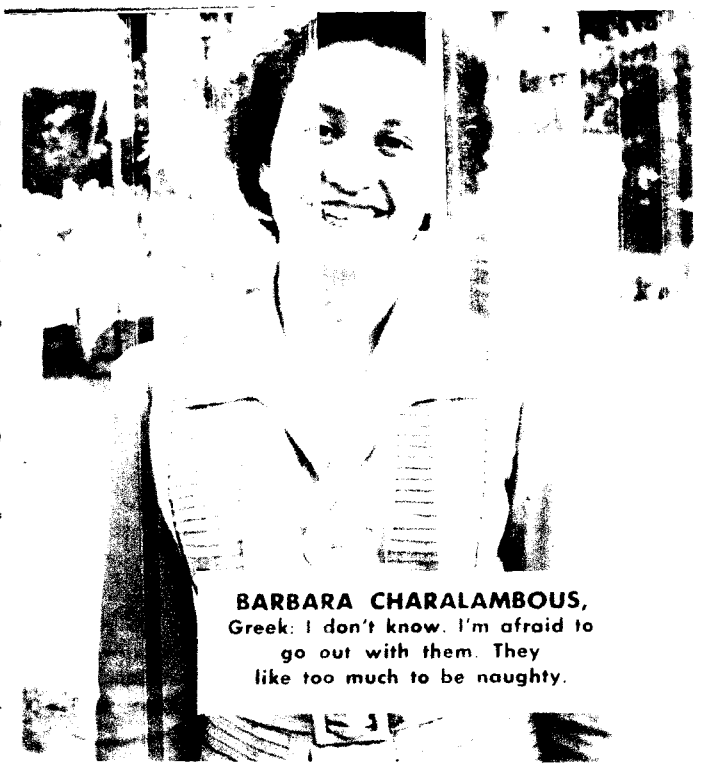
EDNA HINDIE, Armenian: They think too much of themselves and brag too much. But I like them, else I wouldn't go out with them as I do.



BARBARA CHARALAMBOUS, Greek: I don't know. I'm afraid to go out with them. They like too much to be naughty.

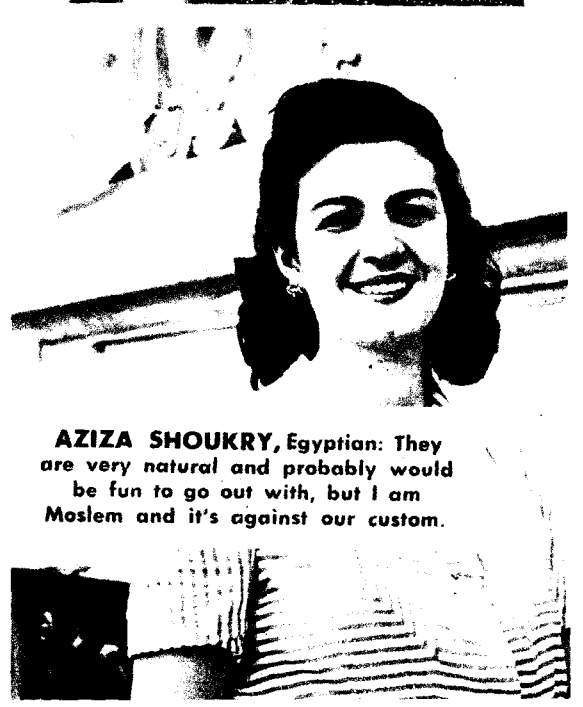
ANNE FANNING, Irish: They are not afraid to do or say what they think. If they want something they go out after it. I should know!

YANK's photographer Sgt. Steve Derry met these six girls in Cairo, and here's the question he popped to them while he was taking their pictures:

What do you think of American soldiers?

QUEENIE O'HANIAN, Armenian: They're always well dressed; that's all I can say, except my mother don't like for me to go out much.

MARGARET YAZBEK, Syrian: They walk and talk like free people. Not many do that any more. They are serious at work; very good at play.



AZIZA SHOUKRY, Egyptian: They are very natural and probably would be fun to go out with, but I am Moslem and it's against our custom.

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Lost Teeth

Dear YANK:

Does a GI have to sign a statement of charges if he loses the set of false teeth issued to him by the Army? Some guys say you do, and I'm worried. While we were crossing on the ship I was put on a detail as a sort of "bucket brigade" member who passes cardboard cases down to the galley below. One wise guy threw a box at my chest and the jolt bounced my false teeth into the Pacific. It wasn't my fault, and I'll be one damned sore dogface if I am expected to pay for them.

Australia —Pvt. DOMINICK ATRELLIA

■ False teeth are not considered "property" in the usual sense of the word, and the Judge Advocate General has ruled that a GI who accidentally loses his dentures does not have to pay for them on a statement of charges.

Search and Seizure

Dear YANK:

Last week we were suddenly ordered out of our barracks and onto the field and made to submit our wallets for an inspection to see if we had any illegal passes to leave the post. The inspecting officer did not make us give him our wallets, but he did leaf through them and he asked us for any passes we might have on our person. We got real hot, however, when we learned that a commissioned officer came into the barracks while we were away and went through our uniforms, barracks bags and foot lockers looking for passes. The point is this: Do they have the authority to go through a man's private belongings when he is not present?

Hawaii —Cpl. IRA REICHMAN

P.S. They got 20 passes.

■ On an Army post any soldier is subject to search of both his military and personal property when authorities believe a military law has been or is about to be violated.

What's Your Problem?

Army Nurse Subsistence

Dear YANK:

I'm a private, married to an Army nurse who is a second lieutenant. Now, even though officers are supposed to get extra money for subsistence and rental allowances if they are married, my wife has been told that she can't get this additional money for me. It seems to me that if I can give $22 a month from my pay as a private to provide for a $50 ODB allowance to my wife, a second lieutenant, then she should be able to give *me* what is coming to me. Can I make the Army give my wife (and me) that money?

Britain —Pvt. FRANK JOHNSON

■ You can't get the money. *AR 35-2020, Par. 6,* states that Army nurses are not entitled to subsistence or rental allowances for their husbands.

Conscientious Objectors

Dear YANK:

When the war began I had strong convictions against fighting. I thought the only way to stop wars was not to fight them. I've changed my mind. The only way to stop wars is to kill the swine who start them. But now I find I can't do much about my change of sentiment because no GI is permitted to volunteer for combat duty. What's worse, my record reads that I am to be assigned to noncombatant service only. What can I do to get that altered so maybe I'll get combat duty?

Puerto Rico —Pvt. F. S. M.

■ It's very easy. *WD Cir. 29 (1943), Sec. V, Par. 2,* states that conscientious objectors can be transferred from noncombatant to combatant service upon "voluntary request in writing." In short, see your CO. Good luck.

American Theater Ribbon

Dear YANK:

I am stationed on an island 14 miles off the East Coast of the U. S., some of my friends are serving on islands just off the West Coast, and other GIs I know were serving on the beaches of Florida when the German saboteurs landed there. They all tell me that we are entitled to wear the American Theater Ribbon because we served in a combat zone. Is this true?

Cape Lookout, Va. —Cpl. JOHN LEE

■ No. The only personnel entitled to wear the American Theater Ribbon are those serving outside the continental limits of the U. S., and your island and your friends' islands and the beaches of Florida are within these limits. The only exceptions are those GIs who go outside the limits on regular duty, such as antisubmarine patrol.

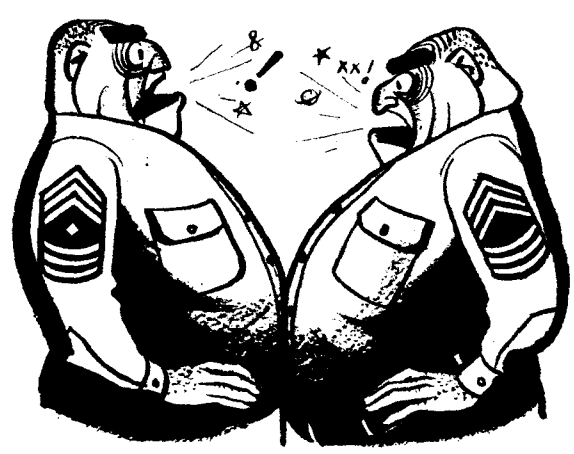
1st Sgt. vs. M/Sgt.

Dear YANK:

Yuk, yuk, yuk. Oh boy, YANK, this is good. We're way down here six miles below hell. One day we were all lounging around, what with the heat, etc., when the first sergeant walked up and started eating us out. Well, there was a master sergeant snoozing in the shade, and the noise woke him. So he got tough, and first thing you know the master sergeant and the first sergeant were having words, as the English say. And, of course, the argument soon boiled down to a question of rank, with each sergeant claiming he was boss since he had the highest rank and precedence among NCOs. Now the whole outfit is divided into two camps, and we're all involved. What's right, YANK?

New Guinea —T/Sgt. VINCENT DOLICH

■ Master sergeants and first sergeants are of equal rank, both being in the first grade of enlisted men. Precedence, however, is established as follows: 1) According to the dates of rank as stated in the warrants. 2) When the dates are the same, then by length of service in the Army. 3) When both the dates and length of service are the same, then by length of service in the Marine Corps or Navy. 4) Finally, if all those tests are not sufficient, the names go into a hat and precedence is determined by lot, believe it or not.



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STRICTLY GI

West Point

ENLISTED men over 19 who will not have reached their 22d birthday on July 2, 1945, may apply for admission to West Point under the authority of *WD Cir. 207, 1944*. They must be citizens, they must be unmarried, they must have an AGCT score of 135 or higher, they must have completed a high-school education or its equivalent, they must have completed a full year of active service before July 2, 1945, and they must show a capacity for leadership. Successful candidates must agree to serve for a period of eight years. Applications will be accepted from overseas as well as domestic personnel.

Enlisted men who now hold letters of appointment to one of the other service academies (Navy or Coast Guard) will not be sent overseas, and those who are overseas now will be returned to the States to attend the service academies to which they are accredited.

$10 War Bond

A new $10 GI War Bond, to sell for $7.50, will be available in August for sale to military personnel only. For men who sign up for purchase of the bonds before August under the Class B allotment plan, the WD will date the bonds back to the month of purchase. The new bond, designed for GIs who have a small surplus of cash, is expected to reduce and possibly eliminate installment buying of bonds by military personnel.

GIs so far have bought nearly $500,000,000 worth of War Bonds by the allotment plan and are continuing to buy $38,000,000 worth per month.

Pre-Shipping Furloughs

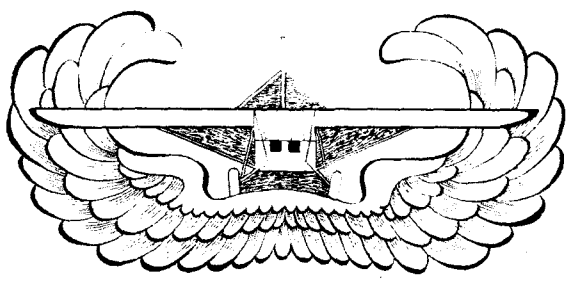
About 97 percent of all Ground Forces personnel transported as overseas replacements in April had furloughs either just before departure or during the preceding six months. AGF's policy is to give, whenever possible, a full 10 days at home to all men headed overseas. A change in the ARs dealing with furloughs says that an EM slated to be sent overseas is eligible for furlough, regardless of length of service, if he has had no furlough since he entered the service.

Combat Wounded

Combat wounded personnel who, as a result of their wounds, are permanently below the minimum standards for induction and are eligible for discharge may now remain in the service at their own request, provided their physical condition permits some useful employment in the service.

War Trophies

GIs returning from overseas are now permitted to bring back war trophies. Such material may also be mailed back to the States if no firearms are included. The trophies must be accompanied by a certificate of permission from the GI's superior officer.



NEW GLIDER BADGE, which fully trained members of glider or airborne units are eligible to wear if they have participated in two glider flights under tactical or simulated tactical conditions. A man entitled to both this and the Parachute Badge may wear whichever he chooses, but only one at a time.

"Sir, we have the first sergeant's permission to capture the commanding officer."

The Women

Wacs with experience in nursing, dietetics or physical therapy may be released from the WAC for appointment in the Nurse Corps or the Medical Department as dieticians or physical-therapy aids. . . . All enlisted Wacs, regardless of age, are now eligible for appointment as officer candidates provided they meet all other requirements. . . . The brown and white pin-striped seersucker uniform worn by nurses overseas is now available to nurses on duty in the U. S.

Washington OP

A BILL is under consideration in the Senate to give a pay increase of $10 a month to wearers of the Combat Infantry Badge and an increase of $5 a month to wearers of the Expert Infantryman Badge. The Secretary of War, in a letter recommending the bill to the Military Affairs Committee, said that in North Africa and Italy the Infantry has made up 19.8 percent of the total strength and has suffered 70 percent of the casualties, while in all theaters the Infantry has averaged about one-fourth of the strength and about half of the casualties.

Veterans of the second World War are not rushing to get their old jobs back. Only 25 percent of the men discharged through hospitals since May 1, 1940, have returned to their pre-induction jobs. The majority of those being discharged now are taking war-production jobs. They usually pay more money, but any rights to the old job evaporate if application isn't made within 40 days. The War Manpower Commission, through the U. S. Employment Service, lines up the new jobs. Test centers set up in Los Angeles, Houston, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, New Haven and Denver to handle placement problems have proved successful and similar centers are blooming in local USES offices.

The U. S. is now producing four planes to every one completed by the Germans, while Japanese production of combat planes is estimated at 13 percent of the U. S. output. U. S. workers, 2,100,000 of them, averaged a plane every five minutes, not counting Sundays, during the first four months of 1944. Our total output for the year will hit 100,000.

Five major headaches of the Army and Navy Postal Service, according to the OWI, are letters to casuals, hospital mail, letters to globe-hopping Air Force personnel, misaddressed letters and matters of security. The Postal Service admits that casuals, hospital patients and Air Force men must expect delays in mail delivery and that in extraordinary cases letters mailed in June and July of 1943 had still not been delivered in the spring of 1944. Some 15 percent of mail is misaddressed, often with the digits transposed in APO and FPO numbers; casuals and Air Force men are often a jump ahead of their latest change-of-address card; secret military operations hold up the mail of their units often until the operation is several weeks old. Mail gets back to the States more quickly than it gets overseas since there is more cargo space on the way back and people at home don't move around so much. Still and all, the Postal Service claims that 90 percent of the men who complain officially are getting their mail before the investigation is finished. . . . GI use of V-Mail caught up with civilian use last December and it's been about 50-50 ever since.

In response to many inquiries since the repatriation of sick and wounded American prisoners began, the Red Cross says that there is no arrangement at present between nations for the exchange of able-bodied prisoners of war.

2d Lt. Ernest Childers and T/Sgt. Charles E. (Commando) Kelly, both Medal of Honor winners, are expected to be assigned to the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Ga., as instructors.

There's a man in this town who spends every Sunday making himself useful to camera-toting couples. He holds the camera so both the guy and the gal can get in the picture at the same time. And on weekdays he writes fairy tales for children.

—YANK Washington Bureau

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•

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camp news

1st Sgt. Frank J. Wiese reaches out to help Pfc. Ruben Meyer as the 9th Armd. Div. artilleryman lunges across the finish line to chalk up the new record.

All fagged out after setting the record for the 25-mile hike, Pfc. Meyer gets support from Pfc. Young Stuhley (right), coach of the 9th's boxing team.

Artilleryman Latest To Claim 25-Mile Title

North Camp Polk, La.—Pfc. Ruben Meyer, 31, of Chicago, Ill., an artilleryman with the 9th Armd. Div., became the new 25-mile hike champion of the U. S. Army last month. Covering the distance in four hours, 34 minutes and 24 seconds, Meyer broke the record of four hours and 47 minutes set recently by Pfc. Clarence Blackcloud of the 20th Armd. Div. at Camp Campbell, Ky.

Meyer is in the 3d Armd. FA Bn. and was trying for the record for the first time. With a retinue of coaches, supporters and official observers, he set out at 0400 with full field pack, carbine and steel helmet. He covered the first seven miles in one hour, running and walking. He was paced at intervals by 1st Sgt. Frank J. Wiese, M/Sgt. William D. Mahoney, S/Sgt. Joseph W. Sylvestre and Sgt. Frederick H. Rudi.

His route took him along the road between the camp and Leesville, while headlights of several vehicles lighted the way as he moved along the shoulder of the road, a rutty and precarious course. At one point he stumbled and fell but was on his feet quickly and off again.

After one hour and 20 minutes of running, Meyer began to tire and brought his pace down to a fast walk. His summer khakis were soaked with sweat by this time, and he had opened his shirt to help cool himself. At 0605 he had reached the halfway mark where he turned around and started back. His time so far was two hours and 5 minutes.

He stopped several times for water, to douse his legs with liniment and to take salt tablets. He alternated between a dogtrot and a walk and reached the MP gates, about two miles from the finish line, at 0818. He had 28 minutes in which to cover the remaining distance in order to break the record.

Nearing the finish line he broke into a dead run and finished with time to spare. He collapsed at the tape and was taken to the dispensary for a check-up. He'd lost seven pounds, but aside from weariness had suffered no ill effects.

Because Meyer is an artilleryman, the infantrymen of the 9th Armd. are trying to do something about breaking his record. They feel that the 25-mile hike mark is something that belongs in their province.

Voting Orientation

Camp Crowder, Mo.—Pfc. Bernard Schwartzberg is chairman of the Forum Voting Committee, which is going all-out to make sure that GIs at Crowder vote in the coming elections. Outlining the committee's voting-orientation plan, Schwartzberg states it will take the subject of soldier voting "from the realm of words into the field of practical orientation."

The committee set up by the Camp Crowder Forum, a voluntary orientation group, will operate on the following program:

1. Find out election procedures in the 48 states. This material is available through WD circulars.
2. Find out detailed individual voting-eligibility requirements of all states. This is not covered by the WD nor is it included in the CO's responsibilities. Break this information up into readily understood form.
3. Make this information available to all COs and EM by: *a)* Establishing a speakers' bureau which would send out qualified men to deliver voting-orientation talks to all companies; *b)* putting up information booths in all Service Clubs; *c)* distributing voting posters to all day rooms and recreation halls.

Schwartzberg is anxious to pass on his committee's plans and is equally eager to hear from other camps in which voting programs may have been instituted. He claims that voting talks at his post have been followed by almost a third of the personnel applying for war ballots.

"On a nation-wide scale," he says, "it will make the difference between a few soldiers voting and the Army voting. The actual soldier vote can jump from insignificance to a monument to democracy."

Double Steal

Camp Reynolds, Pa.—For seven years Pvt. Bill Purdy of Ithaca, N. Y., had gone steady with a girl from Buffalo. While Bill was taking his basic at Camp Croft, S. C., the girl wrote him often and almost as often sent him packages of cookies.

Then another Bill Purdy came into the outfit. This one began to receive the other's letters and cookies. Finally he wrote the girl to explain the error. Their correspondence blossomed into friendship.

Recently Pvt. Purdy visited his home town and learned that his girl had married the other Bill Purdy. "I don't mind so much that he stole my girl," he commented, "but what about the cookies?"

Now They Believe It

Fort Sill, Okla.—Pvt. Oscar Simms of Austin, Tex., a member of the 686th FA Bn., recently scored 199 out of a possible 200 with the carbine. When the remarkable score was about to be entered in his service record, doubt arose in the minds of his officers.

So Pvt. Simms returned to the range to prove that such a feat was possible with the light weapon. This time he racked up a perfect mark of 200, firing at 100- and 200- yard distances from prone, standing and kneeling positions. During his basic training, Simms once shot 135 out of a possible 150 with the M1.

Not in the Mood

Malden Army Air Field, Mo.—An air cadet dictated a telegram to Pvt. Scott W. Burge, teletypist in the signal office here. The message concluded with the familiar "All my love."

Burge suggested that if the cadet would eliminate one word, the telegram would be less costly. The cadet thought for a moment and then said:

"Change the last part to read just 'Love.' I don't feel up to giving her all my love tonight anyway."

Geography Lesson

Washington, D. C.—T-5 Harry Miner, on DEML here, noticed a young GI in a local bar wearing a service ribbon that had three vertical stripes of green, yellow and green. "You're pretty young to be wearing that ribbon," Miner told the soldier.

"I got a right," said the GI.

"Okay, maybe you have," said Miner, "but you're a lot younger than I am, I'm sure, and I was only 4 when that ribbon was authorized. That's the Mexican Border Ribbon."

"So what!" snapped the soldier. "I was at Sheppard Field in Texas for three months, and Texas is on the Mexican border, isn't it?"

What's That Name Again?

Stockton Field, Calif.—Cpl. Buddy Miller came into the day room one Sunday afternoon and asked if there had been any phone calls for him. The answer was "No," so Miller sat down to wait. In a few minutes the phone rang and Miller answered.

"Just a minute," he was heard to say, "I'll see if he's around."

Miller took a few steps away from the phone and then halted abruptly. "Say," he said, "that phone call is for Buddy Miller. That's me!"

PARENTAL POINTERS. Cpl. Oscar C. Fisher, armament man at Tuskegee AAF, Ala., shows son, Pvt. Oscar H., how to handle a submachine gun.

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Three Get Soldier's Medals

Fort Benning, Ga.—Three sergeants were awarded Soldier's Medals and three others received Certificates of Award for heroic action during a training accident here a few months ago. Those honored at a ceremony held at Gordon Field were: S/Sgt. Howard N. Webster of Crewe, Va.; Sgt. William C. Yalenty of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Sgt. John H. Magill of Richmond, Va., who received the Soldier's Medals; T/Sgt. Alvin W. Walker, T/Sgt. Arthur J. Lester and S/Sgt. Edgar T. Simpers, who received the Certificates of Award.

The action for which the awards were granted took place last March during a training demonstration. An assault boat containing members of the 176th sank during the simulated attack of a river line. The six sergeants effected the rescue of many of the men threatened with drowning in the swift waters of the Chattahoochee River.

← Here is the honored sextet. Left to right: T/Sgt. Alvin Walker, Sgt. William Yalenty, T/Sgt. Arthur Lester, S/Sgt. Howard Webster, S/Sgt. Edgar Simpers and Sgt. John Magill, all of the 176th Infantry.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Livingston, La.—S/Sgt. Theodore Mooseles of the 86th Division read in his home-town paper that he had become the father of a boy, and the mail that day brought several cards of congratulation. Only one person was more surprised at the news than the sergeant—his wife who lives with him in nearby Alexandria, La.; she didn't know they were having a baby, either.

Boca Raton Field, Fla.—Pvt. William A. Brittain washed out his only good pair of shorts and hung them on the line behind the barracks. While they were drying, two wrens built a nest in the crotch. Brittain removed the nest to a nearby tree, and everybody was satisfied. One crotch was as good as another for the wrens.

Peterson Field, Colo.—S/Sgt. Raymond L. Bretz was elected chairman of the Soldiers and Sailors Council at the 106 USO Club recently. Sgt. Bretz succeeds Cpl. Mary Collard of the WAC Detachment, who left this post to undergo training—for overseas duty.

Camp Peary, Va.—Ben Harris S2c, War Bond salesman at Induction, was stumped recently when he faced a prospective customer who could speak only French. Harris went outside and found a recruit in the crowd able to speak French. He sold the bond.

Camp Roberts, Calif.—M/Sgt. Fillmore M. Broom, camp sergeant major, gave an order to the girl driver of the headquarters car to check with him before she took anyone on a trip. Her compliance exceeded even the sergeant's requirements. When the camp's executive officer, a lieutenant colonel, stepped into the car and told the driver to rush him to another section of the camp, she asked: "Have you Sgt. Broom's permission to use this car?"

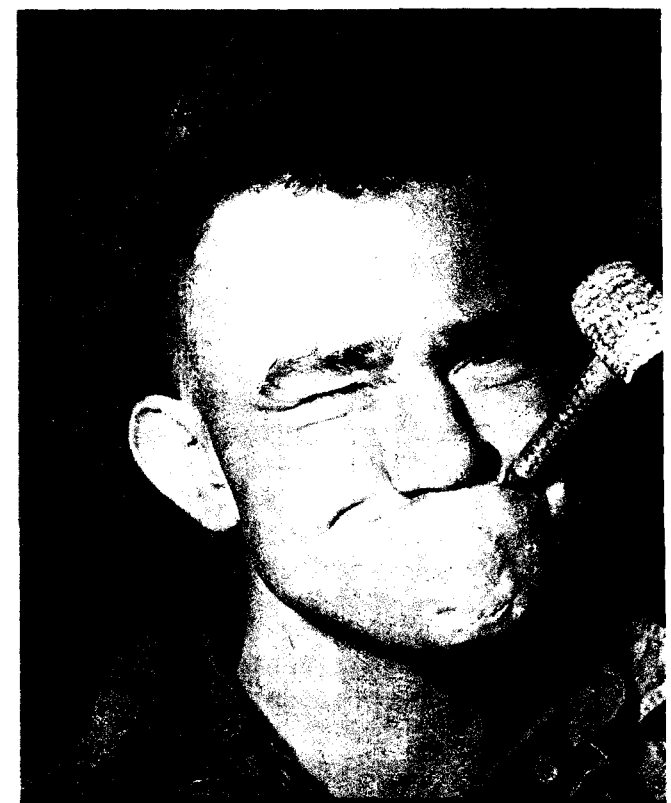
Camp Carson, Colo.—GIs were speechless with amazement as they watched Pvt. Tommy Tucker of Co. F, 90th Inf. Regt., put his ice cream between two slices of bread and eat it that way. Tucker's explanation: it kept his fingers from getting sticky.

Camp Kohler, Calif.—Henry S. Troxel, 67, of Kokomo, Ind., traveled 2,300 miles to visit his son, Pvt. Herbert A. Troxell, only to find he was on KP. Mr. Troxel volunteered to share KP with his son and was accepted. Mr. Troxel liked the potato-peeling detail immensely; Pvt. Troxel did not.

Greenwood Army Air Field, Miss.—When it came time for the potato race in the aviation cadets' field day here, a slight hitch developed. Not a potato could be found on the post. Golf balls were substituted.

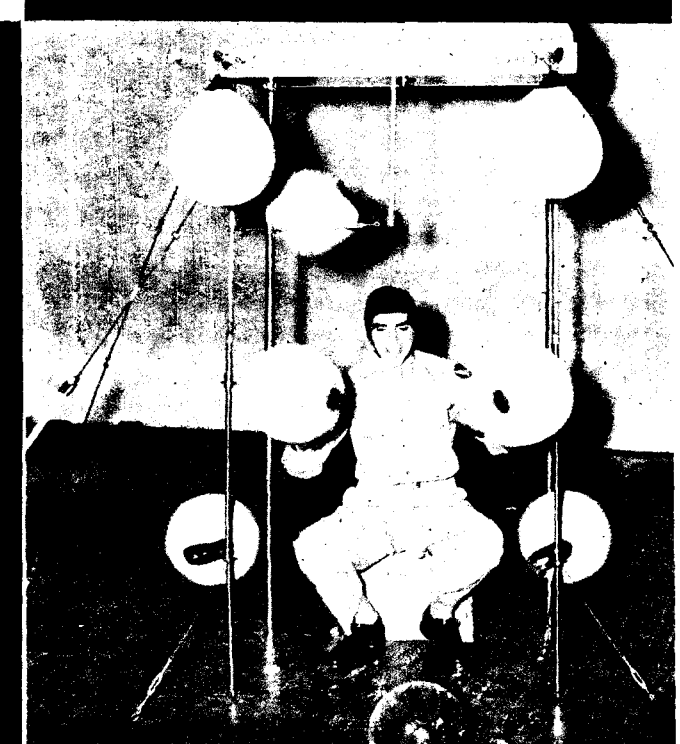
Camp Adair, Oreg.—T/Sgt. Frank Gilloon of the 70th Div. Hq. Det. got a flat tire driving into camp for reveille one morning. He had no spare, and it looked as if he'd never make it. A car drove up behind him, and the driver said: "Use my spare." The good samaritan was Pvt. Clarence Everett, an MP.

Alexandria Army Air Field, La.—Sgt. Andrew Grisaffi, mail clerk, believes in getting mail to the GIs in his section. When gripes become too frequent and he gets tired of saying, "No mail for you today," Grisaffi writes the men a friendly, cheerful card himself.



GI POPEYE. "Get your uppers knocked out," says Cpl. Jack Strain, "and you can look like this." He's the roller-rink caretaker at Camp Ellis, Ill.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? There must be something. Here are five unrelated Smiths who won the Greenwood Army Air Field (Miss.) basketball championship. The guy at the left is their coach, S/Sgt. Bill Metz. From there on [illegible] to r[illegible] all Smith[illegible] with A/Cs Bill, Gordon, Otis, Bob and Capt. Jim Smith.



SLIGHTLY PUNCHY. The bags, we mean, not Sgt. Leonard Ross. Here he keeps seven going at once in a demonstration at Fairmont AAF, Nebr.

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Rita Hayworth
YANK
Pin-up Girl

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THE HEROES

Upon reading "The Mourner's Bench" in a June issue of YANK.

A soldier said: There is a mourner's bench
Where our mothers sit and share their sorrow
For our dead with German mothers—
A wailing wall, with Death a bond—
And little does it matter on which side one fell.

It's true, there was a time for mourning.
The sky was red. They burned the books.
The temples fell. Old men in prayer shawls
Were dragged and hung with signs: *"I am a Jew!"*
But no one cried. They taught their sons
To spit into a gagged man's face
Because he knew such words as "Freedom"
Or "Christ" or "Labor Unity" or "Liberty."

But yet no tears. The guns that held Cassino
Were zeroed at Madrid. "Sieg Heil," "Heil Hitler"
(Read "Theft" and "Rape" and "Murder")
Drowned out the cries in Holland, Poland,
Czechoslovakia, France. The Zeros
That stunned Pearl Harbor took their test flights
At Kholchingol. The grinning death
That jumped ashore on Luzon was rehearsed
With putrid splendor at Shanghai and Nanking.
And still no tears. The loving *Hausfrau*
Received a bundle; there small shoes, a coat.
Blood-spattered, fur-lined, warm.
Dear wife: Here are some things for Fritzchen.
But pigs don't cry. They grunt and swallow
children.

Now Hans is dead. And Franz and Fritz.
And wreaths are hung, and now the cries and
tears
And wailing. But the tears are cold;
They will not make the grass grow, and the pain
Is hollow and a wasted seed.
Are dead men heroes just because they died?
Are rats like warriors if they bare their teeth?

Let them die quickly and be buried quickly,
Unwilling graves in a sickened earth. But we
Shall waste no breath, no pity on them. We shall
finish
What they begot and save our love,
Our heart for all who help us drain
Our world-land from this stench and filth.
Let those who learn to follow them be welcome.

Camp Reynolds, Pa. —Pvt. RUDY BASS

THIS IS ALASKA

This is Alaska: the towering peaks,
The frozen tundras wide,
The wolf pack's call, the eagle's flight,
The rushing of the tide.

This is Alaska: the sourdough's dream
Of the end of a rainbow's gold;
The flashing of the Borealis' lights;
The snow, the ice and the cold.

This is Alaska: the fog-bound isles,
Volcanoes' fiery breath;
The Last Frontier of America,
Of life and of sudden death.

This is Alaska: lonely caches,
Canyons, glaciers blue;
Land of dream and enchantment
Where sourdough's dreams come true.

Alaska —Pfc. J. FRANKLIN YOUNG

BAR, MOSQUITO

Some Quartermaster master mind
Put in for one more star
Because he is the father of
The famed mosquito bar.
But to the end I'll still contend
The bar is overrated:
You see, my canvas cot and it
Are very much mismated.

For I have yet a night to see
When, sound asleep I seem to be
And my mosquito bar is tucked in,
A damned mosquito hasn't ducked in.

It seems that as I soundly nap
Away the blacked-out night,
Somebody's feet jerk out the sheet
And make my bar untight.
No matter how I fix the thing
It never fails to happen:
When I arise, yawn, rub my eyes,
I see the edges flapping.

My atabrine I'll gladly take
By twos or by the jar
And toss aside the QM's pride—
The brown mosquito bar.

Australia —Sgt. F. H. BOSLETT

THE OVERMEN

Where are the supermen
Whose veins were floods
For blood more red
Than common kind?

Where are the supermen,
The blond giants,
The bodies beautiful,
Tremendous, powerful?

Where are the superminds,
The men of Kultur,
The intellects more refined
Than common kind?

Prophets of power, of terror,
Overknights of an overrace:
They've made beautiful bodies,
Uncommon bodies,
In a common earth.

IRTC, Camp Wolters, Tex. —Pvt. HERBERT H. BRIN

IN THE SUN

If you feel the warm day coming on,
You step up to the sun and touch it.
You touch it slowly, let it drip.
You like to know that it is warm
And that the sun is on your face.
Sometimes it is closer than that:
It is rolling down your back:
It is a hoop, and a hand
Out of the blue section of the sky
Is pushing it on and on.

She will come to you
In the warm sun and the hot earth
And the hungry days.
She will be touching you
And you will feel naked and humble
Beside her,
And her eyes will be blue,
Her skin will be fair,
Her fingers will not tremble,
But you will hold them
And feel them, soft and firm and warm.

This is a perfect day for a dream
Or something like that.
You are that, soldier:
A person away from the city.
You are thinking of the plum pudding,
Or the corner street light,
Or the bottle of soda, or the schoolroom.

Come, take the sadness from me.
I am waiting here, I am touching you
And, as I kiss you, I hear you say
That the warm sun is in my face,
And your eyes blink,
Because I am in every ray.

SU, Philadelphia, Pa. —Cpl. SARGE D. STERLING

Low score wins. See in how few strokes you can change CAMP to SHIP. Maybe you can beat our par of seven strokes.

At each stroke you form a new word by changing one letter in the previous word. Example: Change GIRL to WIFE in four strokes—GIRL 1. GILL 2. WILL 3. WILE 4. WIFE.

CAMP

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. SHIP

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CHECKER STRATEGY. White moves 23 to 19. Black king jumps 15 to 24. . . . White moves 30 to 25. Black jumps and crowns, 21 to 30. . . . White moves 8 to 11. Black jumps 30 to 23. . . . White king jumps 11 to 20 to 27 to 18 to 9 to 2. And White is the winner.

LETTER DIVISION.

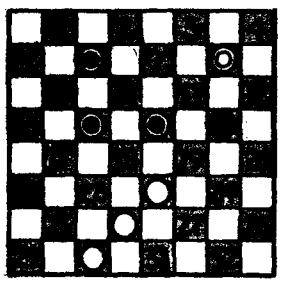
0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
R	N	I	Y	H	A	T	K	F	E

GOLF LOG. CAMP 1. CARP 2. WARP 3. WART 4. WAIT 5. WHIT 6. WHIP 7. SHIP.

TOTEM PUZZLE. He built a box seven feet square and laid the pole on the diagonal.

IF WE must have red tape in the Army, here is the way to have it—wrapped around Rita Hayworth. When she isn't getting into extraordinary poses like this, Rita, who was born Margarita Carmen Cansino, is one of our best screen dancers. Her latest picture for Columbia is "Tonight and Every Night," and we won't stand for wisecracks.

CHECKER STRATEGY



HERE is a checker game that is more than half finished. White is a man behind, which ordinarily spells a loss. But in this particular situation, White, who has the first move, can win. Can you dope out how he'll do it?

Number the black squares on your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown, so you'll be able to keep track of your moves. Now set up your checkers as indicated on the diagram. The white circles represent red checkers. The white one with the circle inside it on square 8 is a red king. The two black circles are black checkers and the ones of squares 6, 14 and 15 are black kings.

LETTER DIVISION

THIS is what you get when you substitute letters for numbers in a simple long-division problem. Each number from 0 through 9 is represented by a different letter.

You figure out the numbers. There are plenty of clues. Here's one: N must equal 1 because N times HIKE equals HIKE.

When you discover the number value of a letter, write down the number in the blank space beneath the letter, wherever it occurs in the diagram. This will help keep you straight.

```
          A N R T
H I K E | I N F A N T R Y
        I N Y E A
          H A T T
          H I K E
            I F K R Y
            I A T K H
              Y R I E
```

TOTEM PUZZLE

"A TOTEM pole!" cried the sergeant. "Just what the folks need for the living room!" So he paid $12 for the thing, tied a tag on it and took it down to the expressman.

The pole was 8½ feet long and a foot wide. The expressman took a look at it and shook his head. "No go, bud," he said. "You can't ship that unless you crate it, and be sure your box doesn't measure more than 85 inches long. That's our limit."

Sounds impossible. But without cutting or damaging the totem pole in any way, the sergeant crated and shipped it.

How did he do it?

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The Individualist

"No," said McGillicuddy when he joined the Army. "No matter how hard they try, they shall never mold me."

McGillicuddy thrived on being an individualist. In college he had been a sensation because of his persistent refusal to wear saddle shoes and plaid shirts. In business life he had turned his individualism into temperament and awed his boss at the advertising agency into giving him a raise every six months. For McGillicuddy individualism was not only fun; it paid the rent as well.

When McGillicuddy came into the Army he brought his individualism with him. He kept both pairs of GI shoes in his foot locker, he was frequently seen wearing an OD shirt with fatigue pants, and he had even been known to wear a garrison belt to the service club dances. They may have registered, drafted, immunized and even trained McGillicuddy, but they sure didn't mold him.

For the time being McGillicuddy decided to ride with the tide. He had heard a few things about life in the Engineers, so he decided to become a clerk instead. He was willing to make a few small concessions for this. He stuck to his typewriter and learned about fourth endorsements, message forms and that greatest mystery of them all, the decimal filing system. But still nobody was molding him.

McGillicuddy had a girl. Naturally he loved her like frenzy itself; naturally he wrote long and passionate letters to her every evening. But there came a time when things went slightly more mad than usual in headquarters. A change was being made in the organizational set-up, and McGillicuddy was caught for two weeks in a flood of correspondence.

Eventually McGillicuddy found himself with a few moments in which to repair the damage done to his romance by the long silence.

He rolled a sheet of paper into his typewriter and began to write. A few seconds later he stopped, horrified, to read his first lines. "Dear June:" they went. "Attention is invited to the fourth paragraph of your basic communication."

McGillicuddy ripped the sheet from the machine, rolled in a fresh one and began anew. Before his incredulous eyes his fingers did it again. "My Darling: You can't imagine what I've been through so I am forwarding this as a matter pertaining to a former member of your command."

Great beads of sweat appeared on McGillicuddy's brow. He fumbled weakly for another sheet of paper. "Sweetest 201-Torrance, June (Enl) It seems as though I'll never be trfd in gr to atchd unasg because I want so much to be reprting upon arr to CO because TC will fur nec T when S/R allied papers and baggage will accompany EM."

Something seemed to snap inside him. He struggled on blindly to the last paragraph of "basic communication complied with" through "For the Commanding Officer:" Then he signed his name JOHN N. MCGILLICUDDY, PVT., AUS, and arose from his chair. Without a backward glance he put on his blouse, checked every pocket to see that it was buttoned, placed his overseas cap exactly two inches over his right eye, rolled down the cuffs on his trousers and walked quietly from the room.

"GI McGillicuddy" is what the adjutant affectionately calls him nowadays, and he's a wonder to behold. He never wears his sun-tan shirt with the shoulder tabs, he often volunteers for Sunday CQ, he wears his dog tags on a cotton tape around his neck, and he carefully signs every overnight pass on the back as soon as he gets it.

Fort Sheridan, Ill. —T-5 JIM HARTER

TO A WAITRESS

It would be sweet to walk the honeyed lanes
Where daffodils and jonquils vie to flavor
The ordered, terraced, waffled earth; to savor
The nebulous clouds above the tabled plains
Like whipped white eclairs with a cherry sun
On top; to see a nearby flower bed
With lettuced grass and tulips, ketchup red,
Protruding from the raked-up cinnamon.
And you would be a luscious, fruited cake
With floured face and breasts like pliant dough,
Both raisin tipped; your icing would not take
A lot of heat to melt. But even though
I sometimes go for sweet stuff, right now I
Would rather have a naked ham on rye.

Fort Benning, Ga. —Sgt. LEONARD SUMMERS

INFILTRATION

The second day, and now the test—
The short space of time when Death
Will hover close and smile on us.
The heavy pack is absent now;
Steel helmet, rifle, cartridge belt are all we carry.
Gather in the clearing, listen to the orders,
Take a final smoke, stand beside your buddy.
"First wave ready, sir." "File into the trench!"
Lefty on my right, still laughing, still joking.
A momentary pause—now all is ready.
Lead above our heads is the signal to begin;
A first short burst and up we climb,
Out of the trench and close to the ground,
Inch by inch and foot by foot we go.
The midmorn sun is hot—damn hot.
Human sweat and Texas dust mix freely.
The guns are firing faster now.
A foot above our heads the bullets whine.
The first barbed wire! "Over on your backs!"
Pry it up with rifle, squirm under like a worm;
Your clothes are caught, but keep your head,
Tear the cloth and keep on going.
The mines are reached. Turn your head away.
A mine goes off—a dull, thick sound.
Flying dirt and gravel clatter from your helmet.
Keep yelling, swearing all the time;
It makes the bullets sound less near.
Talk to Lefty, keep him coming.
More open space, more mines, more barbed wire;
More dust, more sweat, more oaths.
Dig your nails in the ground and crawl, crawl, crawl—
Panting harder all the time, straining every muscle.
We're almost there, but still keep down.
You risk a look and see guns spitting.
Five more yards, and then the trench.
Roll in and lie—panting, almost sobbing.
A sound behind, and Lefty rolls in.
Suck on your lemon peel, wipe your eyes,
Steady your hand to light a fag.
Your chest recedes to normal breathing.
Lie quiet a while and listen to the others roll in.
Lefty jokes again, and you laugh with him,
"We did it, boy!" "It wasn't so bad."

Camp Hood, Tex. —Pvt. WILLIAM NIESEN

I Don't Hate You

THE CORPORAL lay stomach down on the grass, his hands to his jaws, his elbows propped on the ground. The lamp shining through the narrow casement window of the gardener's cottage formed a slab of light across his back; it might almost have been pressing him into the ground.

At the end of the long upslope of lawn and darkness stood the house, aureoled in its own light. The top layer of the party sound drifted down to him—the thin, anguished chorusing of the brasses in the orchestra, the cries of restless girls. And from the woods around him came the insistent, wistful shrilling of the crickets.

He ran a hand lightly back and forth across the close-cropped lawn, keeping time with the pompous thumping of the drum.

"Furlough furlough furlough," he said absently. "Feel the grass, like the top of somebody's crew cut."

"Tell me something, John." She was sitting sideways on her thighs, one hand stretched down beside her for support, the other nervously plucking blades of grass from the lawn. "You hate me, don't you?"

He kept rubbing his hand over the grass. "Don't be silly," he said.

"No, I'm serious. Why do you?"

"I don't hate you. You're all excited. The war's got you all excited. The war's got everybody all excited. Would you like to go back to the house and dance?"

"No, I wouldn't." She was pulling up the grass faster now and in larger patches. "I just want you to know that I don't give a damn how you feel. I never have and I never shall. I think you're the most conceited, smug person I know."

For a moment he didn't say anything. Then, as if giving in to the pressure of the slab of light on his back, he put his arms out and laid his face and chest close down in the grass.

"Hear the crickets," he said.

Pratt AAF, Kans. —Pfc. KNOX BURGER

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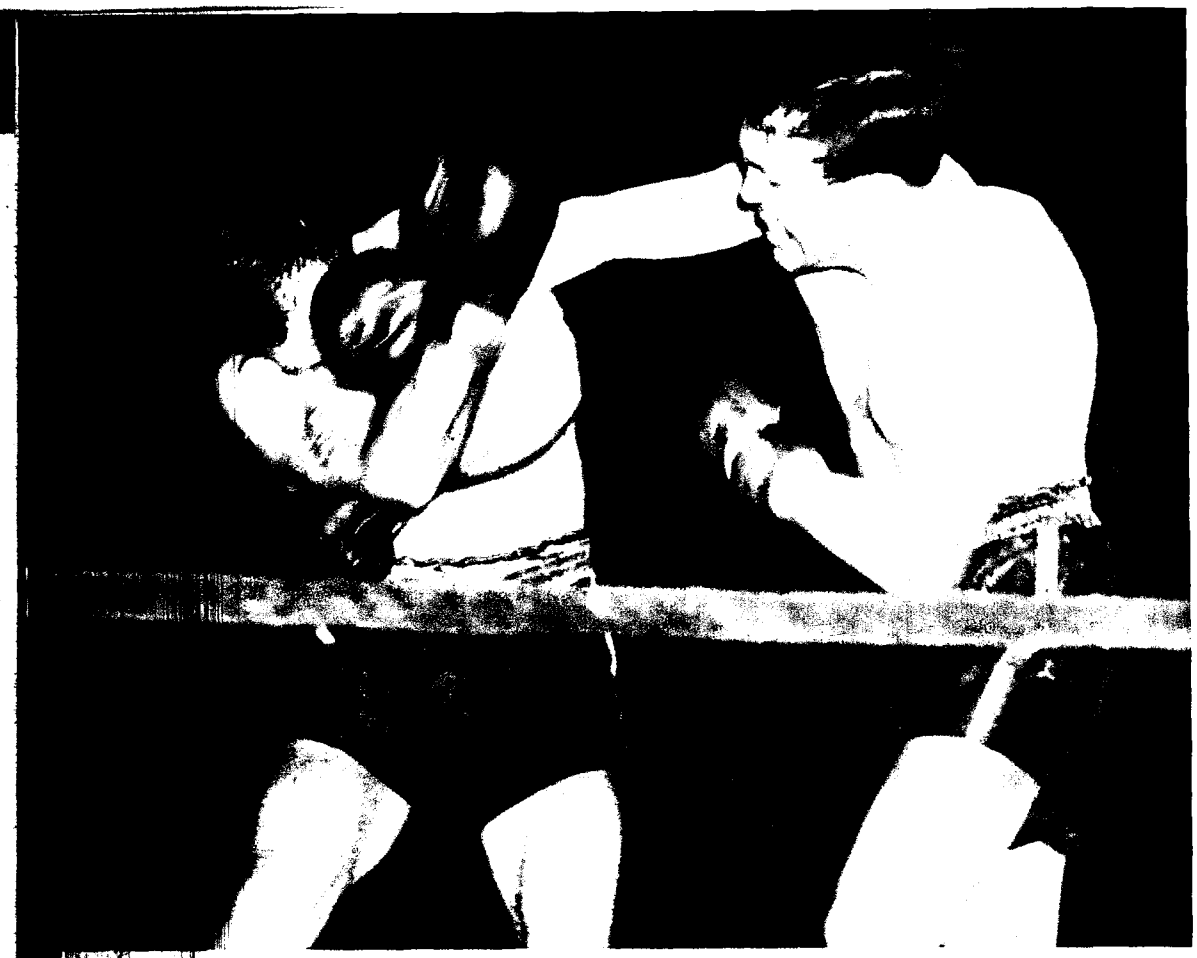

SPORTS: HELP YOURSELF TO A QUOT AS THE GREAT MINDS SPEA

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

Henry Armstrong: ". . . I always called Ambers the 'agony fighter'."

DID I ever tell you. . . .

. . . what Lefty Gomez said about Joe Page, the Yankees' new rookie left-hander?

"There's only one thing wrong with Page. He isn't wild enough for a young left-hander. When I was a Yankee rookie everybody wore masks. They took no chances."

. . . or what Henry Armstrong said when he was asked to name the greatest fighter he ever fought?

"Let's say it this way: Ross was the best boxer, Garcia the hardest puncher, Ambers the most cagey and Arizmendi the guy who could take it. He had a 17½ neck, and hitting him on the head was like taking a poke at the Rock of Gibraltar. Garcia couldn't think too fast, but he could belt. Arizmendi worried you because your best punch wouldn't even make him blink; you just had to say to yourself, 'My gosh, what's holding the man up?' and then hit him again. I always called Ambers the 'agony fighter.' Zivic was in a class by himself. He tried to win the best way he knew how, and that was with a glib thumb. And he used to say I was a dirty fighter, too. I guess Ray Robinson was the best all-around fighter I ever met. He could do everything that any of the others could do, and better. He came close to being all those other fighters wrapped into one."

. . . or what Eddie Arcaro said about Whirlaway?

"The days I rode Whirly in the Derby and Preakness he was the greatest horse I ever saw, but when I rode him later on I was not impressed anywhere as much. He could really pour it on. It was like stepping on the accelerator of a big Cadillac. He was a hard horse to ride, too. One mistake, and he was beaten. Since he always was coming from behind it was no picnic to be aboard him. But you had to ride him with confidence and wait for the right moment to let him go because once he started to climb you just couldn't slow him down. No sir. Whirlaway was no jockey's horse. The type I like is Devil Diver because he handles easily and invariably can work his way out of trouble."

. . . or what Herb Pennock said about Leo Durocher?

"Durocher was the best short-fielder I ever looked at. He was a one-man infield, actually, because he could play second, and third, too. But his greatness came in the pinch. With two out and the tying or winning run coming home, he never made a bad throw. You could depend on that ball getting over to first, straight as a die and in time for the out. He played on his nerve; by that I mean he keyed himself up for a game and never let down while it was going on. How much nervous energy he has expended in a career, I don't know, but he had it. Never believe that a great ball player has to be born. Hundreds have been made; hundreds more have made themselves. Take Pepper Martin and Durocher. I will, any time."

. . . or what Jimmy Wilson said about Bucky Walters?

"Everybody says I'm responsible for converting Bucky from an infielder to a pitcher, but I didn't do it. Bucky did it all by himself. He's the most observant man I ever saw. He studies every hitter every moment and never forgets a thing. No one ever worked harder to become a great pitcher than Bucky did. He's tireless, smart and a magnificent competitor. He doesn't enjoy games where he wins by lopsided scores. Give him those 1-0 or 2-1 games, and he loves it. Bucky is the closest I've ever seen to Grover Cleveland Alexander. He has a slider like Alex, a good change of pace and great control. He's quite a guy."

. . . or what Eddie Brannick, the breezy secretary of the Giants, said about Branch Rickey?

"The guy is overrated, I tell you. A lot of birds have given him plenty of help, but he's the one who's taken all the bows. A fellow named Charlie Barrett is responsible for the scouting system that Rickey took credit for setting up with the Cardinals. He was the one that had the material pouring in all the time. Who took the bows? Rickey, of course. The tip-off on Rickey is that the only place his name appears in the record books is that more runners stole bases on him than any other catcher. That's his sole claim to fame."

. . . or what Jimmy Foxx said about Johnny Allen?

"I just couldn't follow the ball when he pitched. I guess its something about his motion. Buck Newsom used to confuse me, but I finally solved him. But Allen always had my number."

. . . or what Beau Jack said when he got his draft notice?

"I'm glad I'm being abducted."

Sports Service Record

IT was bound to happen. **Pvt. Al Blozis,** the shot-put champion, has just set a new Army record for the hand grenade at Fort Bragg, N. C., with a 65-yard heave. A good throw for the average GI is about 50 yards. . . . **S/Sgt. Joe DiMaggio** made his debut at Honolulu Stadium by driving one of his massive clouts far over the leftfield fence for a 453-foot home run. . . . **Col. Bob Neyland,** Tennessee's football coach, is overseas with the Engineers. . . . **Barney Mussill,** the Phillies' rookie pitcher, is one of the few soldiers who have been gassed in this war. He picked up a defective mustard-gas container by mistake at Fort Warren, Wyo., and spent three months in the hospital, almost totally blind. Today he wears thick glasses and can read only one hour out of every 24. . . . **Ens. Greg Rice** is coaching the Merchant Marine Cadet track team at Kings Point, N. Y., and **Glenn Cunningham AS,** is running on the mile relay quartet at Great Lakes. . . . **Lt. Col. Hugh Gallarneau,** former star Stanford and Chicago Bear back, has turned school teacher and is teaching, of all things, public speaking to Marines in the Pacific. . . . **Lt. Booty Payne,** Clemson College's kicking ace, who was missing on a flight over Europe, is now a PW in Germany along with nine members of his crew. . . . What's become of **Bob Pastor,** who went to OCS at Miami Beach last winter?

Commissioned: **Johnny Pesky,** rookie Red Sox shortstop, as an ensign in the Navy. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Ed Heusser,** Cincinnati right-hander (3 and 3 this season), by the Navy; outfielder **Charlie Metro** and catcher **Al Unser** of Detroit, by the Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Nick Strincevich,** Pittsburgh pitcher, because of gastric ulcers; **Jake Mooty,** right-hander of the Tigers, because of a bone condition resulting from an operation on his pitching arm a year ago.

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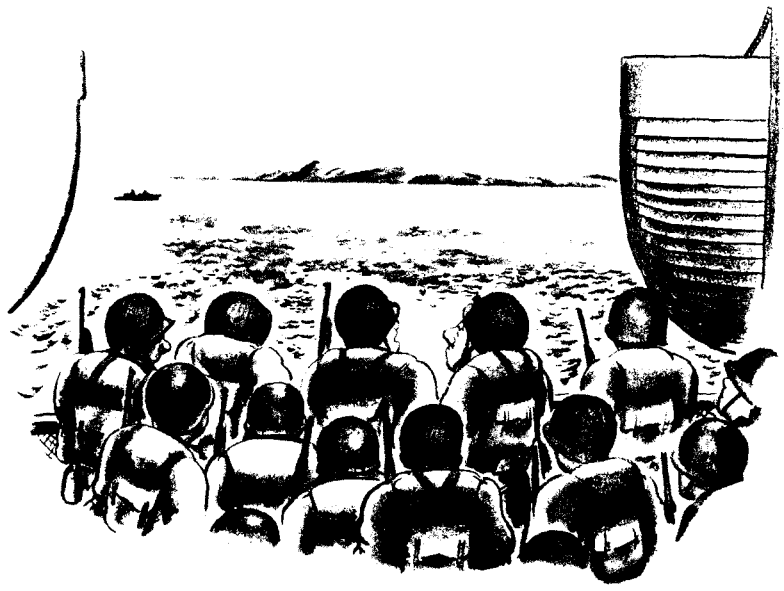

"SO THAT'S FRANCE, HUH? WELL, I DON'T LIKE IT."
—Pvt. Thomas Flannery

"GOOD MORNING, MADAM. IS THE MAN OF THE HOUSE IN?"
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan

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"NOW, BEFORE WE GO ANY FURTHER, IS THERE ANYONE WHO DOESN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT WE'RE DOING?" —Pfc. Joseph Kramer

"MULLIGAN NEVER MISSES A FORMATION."
—Sgt. Charles Pearson

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